

CALIFORNIA

THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



APRIL, 1939

25 CENTS

EL CENTRO -- Gateway to Anza State Park

TWENTYFIVE miles west of El Centro, California, just off Highway U. S. 80, is the "El Centro Gateway" to the vast virgin desert known as the Anza Desert State Park. Easily reached by automobile, this area offers an incomparable historic and scenic wonderland for the desert lover, a land rich in enchantment and desert lure.



**OLD VALLECITO
STAGE STATION**

Thirty miles northwest of Coyote Wells, on the old Butterfield stage route, is the rebuilt Vallecito Stage Station, most picturesque of the desert hostleries of 1858. Above is the artist's impression of the colorful ruins before it was recently restored.

- Scenic Vistas
- Palm Canyons
- Desert Oases
- Historic Ruins
- Salton Sea
- Carrizo Gorge
- Painted Canyon
- Pine-clad Hills
- Old Stage Trail
- Indian Rancherias
- Gem Fields
- Good desert roads
- Camping Areas
- Ocotillo Forests
- Spring Flora
- Fossil Beds
- Anza Trail

VISIT ANZA DESERT STATE PARK

DESTINED to be the greatest State Park of its kind in the United States, ultimately embracing a million acres of magnificent scenic, recreational, and historic features, the Anza Desert State Park has become a reality by action of the California State Park Commission.

Extending from the Santa Rosa Mountains on the north to Highway U. S. 80 on the south and from a point near Warner's Hot Springs and the Laguna Mountains on the west to Salt-on Sea (250 feet below the ocean level) on the east, this area encompasses a wide range of botanical life zones and geological features.

Plan to spend a day, a week, a month in the "precious wildness" of Anza Park. There are no hotels or motor courts within the park limits, so it will be wise to make El Centro

your supply headquarters. Good water is available at many places in the park and to those who love the glorious vast outdoors there are many beautiful camping places.

FREE TOUR INFORMATION

For up-to-date information on wild flowers, facilities and road conditions

ADDRESS THE TOUR DEPARTMENT
El Centro Chamber of Commerce
EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA

Maps, folders, and complete information are available free of charge. This is only one of the many services rendered by the El Centro Chamber of Commerce in preserving and making accessible to desert lovers the natural charm of the great Imperial Valley and surrounding area.

ROBERT HAYS, SECRETARY- MANAGER.

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DESERT Calendar

- MARCH 25-26—Sierra club of California to camp in Red Rock canyon on Mojave desert and explore Petroglyph canyon. George Diack, leader.
- MARCH 27-28—New Mexico Cattle Growers association at Clovis.
- APRIL 2—E. D. Tussey of Phoenix union high school to lecture on "The Cananea War" at Arizona Museum, Phoenix.
- APRIL 2-8—Students from Fort Wingate Indian school, New Mexico, to study Navajo blankets and silver crafts at Laboratory of Anthropology, Santa Fe.
- APRIL 7—Finals of the Arizona Oratorical contest for high school students, at Phoenix.
- APRIL 7-9—Annual Passion Play of the Yaqui Indians at Pascua near Tucson. Preliminary ceremonials held through entire period of Lent.
- APRIL 8—Intercollegiate rodeo to be held at Cal Godshall's C bar G ranch near Victorville, California.
- APRIL 9—Easter Sunrise services to be held at Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona.
- APRIL 9—Easter Sunrise service in the Great Kiva of Aztec Ruins National monument, New Mexico, and at many of the Indian pueblos of the Southwest.
- APRIL 11-12 — Annual Pioneers' reunion at Phoenix, sponsored by Arizona Republic.
- APRIL 14—H. Scudder Mekeel of the Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fe, New Mexico to lecture on "Navajo Blankets" at Heard Museum, Phoenix.
- APRIL 15—"Go Western Day" when people of Douglas, Arizona, don costumes in preparation for annual rodeo and fiesta.
- APRIL 15—Imperial Valley Pioneers association holds its annual reunion at Midwinter fairgrounds, Imperial, California.
- APRIL 16—Fray Marcos de Niza monument 20 miles east of Nogales at Lochiel to be dedicated by the Dons of Phoenix.
- APRIL 21-22—Music festival competition sponsored by Southern New Mexico Music association, at State College.
- APRIL 21-22—Arizona State Elks convention at Douglas.
- APRIL 22—First 1939 presentation of Ramona pageant at Hemet, California.
- APRIL 22—District convention of Pilot International in Tucson.
- APRIL 24-29—Sixth annual Nevada state music festival at Ely.
- APRIL 27-30—Pageant honoring Fray Marcos de Niza at University of Arizona, Tucson.
- APRIL 29—University of Arizona's Hispano-American celebration marking Pan-American and Cervantes days at Tucson.
- APRIL 29-30—Rodeo at Saugus, California.
- APRIL 29-30—Sierra club of California to camp at Rainbow canyon northwest of Twentynine Palms, California, and explore the geode field in Bullion mountains.



Volume 2

APRIL, 1939

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The Crossroads

By FRED HANKINS
Taft, California

First prize winning photograph in the Desert Magazine's amateur contest for February. This is a microscopic print of the trails left by the sand dune beetle. Taken with a 5x7 Eastman View camera at 8:00 a. m. Panatomic cut film, exposure 1/10 second at f32. The picture was taken in the Death Valley dunes.

Hedgehog Cactus

By HOWARD A. BELL
Trona, California

Awarded second prize in the February photographic contest of the Desert Magazine. This is the blossom of *Cereus mohavensis*, taken on the Mojave desert with a Voightlander Avus, super-sensitive Panchromatic film, 1/10 second at f20 in early morning sunlight.



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"I agreed with him (Estevan) that if he found . . . a country greater than Nueva España, he should send me a great cross." —Journal of Fray Marcos.



Fray Marcos and the Golden Dream

A strange team, Fray Marcos and Estevan—one a courageous missionary who came to the New World to brave untold hardships for the salvation of heathen souls—the other an arrogant adventurer who brought about his own destruction. But they both played major roles in the initial exploration of Arizona and New Mexico 400 years ago. Here is the story of one of the most dramatic episodes in the recorded history of the Southwest.

By ARTHUR WOODWARD

Art by Gloria Widmann

FOUR hundred long years have passed in slow parade since Fray Marcos de Niza, the grey robed Franciscan priest set forth from Culiacan in Mexico accompanied by the arrogant negro slave Estevanico Dorantes, in search of the fabled glamorous Seven Cities of Cibola.

The story of Fray Marcos and Estevanico is one of the most romantic and one of the most contradictory in the entire history of our great Southwest. It is a tale of foolhardy courage, of two men seeking legendary golden cities in the vast, unexplored area now embraced within the confines of Arizona and New Mexico, and of sudden death for one of them.

Down the years historians have argued pro and con over the veracity of Fray Marcos. The tale of his desert wanderings is one of mingled fact and fancy.

In the main it rings true, but there are passages which critical historians have pounced upon and denounced as sheer fiction. However, whether one agrees in the belief that Fray Marcos did everything that he claims he did, or whether one disagrees, the fact remains that this solitary priest was a courageous man, traversing a harsh and unknown land, peopled with Indians of untried temperament, his face turned to the north, blazing a new trail for the chain-mailed conquistadores of Spain.

They made an odd couple, those two men. Fray Marcos de Niza was a native of Nice in the duchy of Savoy who had come to the New World in 1531, ten years after the conquest of New Mexico, when the golden empires of Mexico and Peru were ethnological facts, not archaeological dreams.

Fray Marcos had seen service in Peru

and Quito before he journeyed north on foot into Mexico with Pedro de Alvarado, the right hand man of Cortes.

His companion on the famous trek in the year of Our Lord 1539 was from the town of Azamor on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, a negro, whose romantic adventures through almost nine years of wilderness wanderings across the then unexplored vistas of Texas and northern Sonora, rivaled the tales of the Arabian Nights.

How did these two men, as different in background and temperament as two men could possibly be, find themselves trail mates by common consent in this wild outland of New Spain?

The answer is not simple nor easily given, but here is the story:

Since the year 714 A.D. when seven bishops of Spain were alleged to have fled that country with their faithful fol-



Old mission at Zuni, New Mexico, built 1629 and 1632. Although the church is in ruins the Zuni tribesmen still use the adjoining graveyard. Men are buried on the south side, women on the north. The graves are unmarked but the bodies are always laid with heads to the west and feet to the east, in accordance with ancient tradition.
—Photo by Frasher, Pomona, California.

lowers to elude the conquering Moorish infidels, credulous Spanish explorers had been seeking the mythical Seven Cities of Cibola said to have been founded by the bishops and their retainers. It was believed that somewhere in the western ocean these cities would be found on the mythical Island of Antilla. In 1492 when Columbus discovered the Antilles, it soon became known that the golden cities were somewhere beyond in the unknown. Then Mexico and Peru became realities, and although rich with gold and jewels, were not the Seven Cities of Cibola.

Explorer Is Shipwrecked

In 1527 Panfilo de Narvaez, seeking fame and fortune on the mainland of North America saw his hopes wrecked on the southern shores of Texas.

Four men of all the crew survived and wandered lost in the unknown land for nearly nine years. Of these men, two have since left their stamp on the pages of our history books. One was Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, the other was Estevanico or Estevan, a Barbary negro slave of Andres Dorantes de Carranze, whence Estevan took his surname Dorantes.

In the course of their wanderings, passed from tribe to tribe, clad in animal skins, and accepted as medicine men by the wondering tribesmen who saw fair-skinned strangers for the first time, the shipwrecked men heard vague tales of wondrous cities buried somewhere in the harsh desert lands to the north and west.

Eventually these men stumbled into a Spanish outpost in north central Sonora with their incredible yarns of hardships and the golden cities.

The simple rock and mud houses of

the Rio Grande del Norte upon which the stories were actually based became dwellings sheathed in silver and studded with turquoise. In that age of golden romance no tale was too fabulous to believe. Had not the Aztec treated gold dust as common dirt? Were not the temples of Peru sheathed with plates of hammered gold? Did not the Inca dine from golden dishes and drink from tall silver cups? Had not the conquistadores under Pizarro made horseshoes of solid silver when iron was scarce? The men who had gazed spellbound into the sealed treasure room of Montezuma where lay heaps of gold and jewels higher than a man's head, who had seen chest after chest of shimmering feather cloaks, shields, elaborate mosaic masks and great fortunes in gold, turquoise and jade go into the holds of galleons bound for Spain, were willing to believe anything.

Of the four men who brought the news of the Cities only one was willing to plunge back into the unmapped wilderness. This man was the negro Estevan. He was a slave, but during the course of his wanderings he had tasted power. He had been accepted as a medicine man. Better to rule savage Indians with a few shakes of a gourd rattle than fetch and carry for some exacting Spanish taskmaster. The tribes Estevan had visited had been free with food and women. There was the possibility that those tales of golden pueblos were true. Yes, Estevanico would guide anyone who wished to seek the mythical cities.

So it happened that on the 7th of March 1539, Fray Marcos accompanied by Estevanico the Moor, and Fray Onorato, a fellow Franciscan who soon fell ill and was sent back, set out from the pueblo of San Miguel, in the province of Culiacan, to settle once and for all the validity

of the yarns concerning the Seven Cities of Cibola hidden in the haze of the northern desert.

Now Estevan was in his element. In his hand he carried a gourd rattle, from the handle of which dangled two red and white macaw feathers and some small copper bells. This was his passport, a medicine rattle, which he sent ahead to announce his coming.

With Fray Marcos and Estevan traveled a large escort of Mexican Indians. The retinue included many Indian women. Estevan liked the women but he used them shamefully and was cruel. This fact traveled ahead of him with his rattle, which in the end, became his death warrant.

As Fray Marcos journeyed north through Sonora, there came to him certain Indians from the seacoast to the west who told him of islands offshore where many people lived. These coastal Indians wore necklaces fashioned of mother-of-pearl, and they informed Fray Marcos that their countrymen had a great store of pearls, although the priest remarks candidly, "Howbeit I saw none of them."

The Franciscan had orders from his government to explore the land as he went, and to report particularly upon the coastline. However, being some distance inland, he decided to defer actual exploration of the coast until he returned from the Seven Cities of Cibola. Instead he decided to send Indian messengers to the seacoast to bring back more definite news of that part of the country. Estevan was to scout ahead and relay information to Fray Marcos if anything of importance was discovered.

Estevan Sent Out as Scout

Said Fray Marcos in his report: "I agreed with him (Estevan) that if he found any knowledge of any peopled and rich country, that he should go no further but should return in person, or should send me certain Indians with that token we were agreed upon, to wit, that if it were but a mean thing, he should send me a White Cross of one handfull long; and if it were of any great matter, one of two handfulls long; and if it were a Country greater and better than Nueva España, he should send me a great cross."

Estevan set out on Passion Sunday and within four days there came some runners from the Moor carrying, "a great Cross as high as a man, and they brought me word from Estevan, that I should forthwith come away after him, for he had found people which gave him information of a very mighty Province, and that he had certain Indians in his company, which had been in the said Province, and that he had sent me one of the said Indians. This Indian told me that

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it was 30 days' journey from the Town where Estevan was, unto the first City of the said Province, which is called Cibola."

The messengers from the coast had not yet arrived. Fray Marcos impatiently marked time awaiting further news from that direction before taking the trail in the wake of Estevan.

The negro had been ordered to await the arrival of Fray Marcos before proceeding to the Seven Cities. The good padre thought Estevan would obey this order. But unfortunately Estevan the slave was a man of ideas. He was his own master at this time. Wait for the priest when loot and women were to be had for the mere jingle of a gourd rattle? Not Estevan.

He pressed forward and at last came within sight of Hawikuh, a Zuni town, the ruins of which were excavated by Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge, in 1917-1923 for the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York.

Gourd Loses its Magic

The medicine rattle, as usual, had been sent ahead. In this instance it was a fatal mistake. The Ashiwi (Zuni) recognized it as being from the south where dwelt their enemies. Anyone who wore this could be none other than a spy. Furthermore the Zuni had heard tales of this "black Mexican." He was a cruel man who demanded turquoise and women. The Ashiwi were determined to have no dealings with such a person. They sent back word by Indian messenger that Estevanico must come no further. The arrogant Moor paid no attention to the warning. At the head of his retinue of some 300 men and women he advanced boldly toward Hawikuh and spent the night in a large house on the outskirts of the village. The next morning at sunrise Estevanico strode confidently toward the pueblo, shaking his gourd rattle. A throng of determined Ashiwi warriors barred his path. Arrows sang through the air. Members of Estevanico's escort dropped in their tracks. The negro, now a badly frightened slave, turned to flee, but Death was swifter and Estevan fell mortally wounded. The descendants of those same Zuni braves quaintly remarked several centuries later . . . "Our ancients of K'ia-ki'me, bad tempered fools, greased their war clubs with the brains of the first black Mexican they saw."

In the meantime Fray Marcos had heard from the runners he had sent to the Gulf. At this time the padre was in the valley of the Rio Sonora, camped in the village of Vacapa. Now he pressed on expecting to meet Estevan almost any day. On through the country of the Opata, accompanied by Sobaipuri Indians who had come down from the north where they dwelt along the valley of the



Zuni Indian water carriers. This view taken at the Sacred spring, which the Indians say always supplies water even when the rains and the river fail. These springs are located four miles from Zuni pueblo. Photo by Frasher, Pomona, Cal.

San Pedro river, in what is now Arizona.

The actual trail followed by Fray Marcos is not definitely known. There are some who believe that he never left the confines of the present Mexican state of Sonora. Others think he may have penetrated Arizona for a certain distance,

but only the hardest adherents of Fray Marcos will admit their belief in his actual advance to a point from which he could see Hawikuh.

The road he followed was at best a hard one. Now the trace led through ragged mountains, grim and foreboding,

now beside cool canyon streams where gleaming rocky scarps towered over his tonsured head. There were thorny thickets of mesquite, acres of giant saguaro and spiteful cholla, while dense arrowweed thickets hedged him in along the winding streams.

The valley of the San Pedro river, along which he presumably passed, is today dotted with ruins of mud and rock houses that were teeming villages in Fray Marcos' time. I have seen the foundations of those pueblos, fingered the shell bracelets the inhabitants once wore on their arms and admired the worn blue turquoise they once suspended from their ears.

From the mouth of the San Pedro where it joins the Gila, the Franciscan, accompanied by many Sobaipuri, swung north-northeast through a mountainous region cut by the White and Black rivers. Today it is the land of the Apache, but among the tall pines and on the long ridges among the trees are the remnants of stonewalled pueblos, dozens of them, which were probably empty shells when Fray Marcos laboriously shuffled across the land.

Runner Brings News of Tragedy

Twelve days the priest and his party toiled through that wild area. One day a sweat-drenched Indian runner, badly frightened stumbled into the camp bearing the news of Estevan's sudden death.

The Indian escort murmured mutinously. Fray Marcos distributed gifts and persuaded the recalcitrants to push on. A short time later, when within a day's journey of Hawikuh, two more wounded Indians brought additional news of the negro's fatal error. Once again mutiny seemed imminent. One of the Pima Indians who had accompanied Fray Marcos out of Mexico whimpered that the other tribesmen were going to slay the grey-robe and his Mexican Indian friends. Once more the padre resorted to gifts but this time the Indians refused to scout ahead.

"When I saw this," said Fray Marcos, "I said unto them that I purposed to see the city of Cibola whatsoever came of it."

According to him, he did see it.

"I followed my way until I came within sight of Cibola, which is situate on a plain at the foot of a round hill, and maketh shew to be a fair city, and is better seated than any I have seen in these parts. The houses are builded in order, according as the Indians told me, all made of stone, with divers stories and flat roofs, so far as I could discern from a mountain, whither I ascended to view the city."

However, Fray Marcos never ventured nearer to Hawikuh. He was afraid that if he perished at the hands of the irate

townsmen, news of his discoveries might never reach Mexico. He contented himself with looking from afar. He built a cairn of stones and erected a small cross "because I wanted means to make a greater," took possession of the new kingdom of Saint Francis in the name of the Viceroy Don Antonio de Mendoza, and "returned with much more fear than victuals" at top speed to Culiacan.

As a result of this long and tiresome march through one of the harshest mountain and desert regions of our Southwest, an armored expedition was launched. Francisco Vasquez de Coronado stormed Hawikuh in his gilded parade armor. The myth of the Seven Cities of Cibola became mud and stone reality. Thousands of square miles of new territory were added to the possessions of Spain.

Of all that followed—the countless explorations to all parts of the land, the

curses hurled at Fray Marcos because the golden bubble burst in the faces of sun-weary and leg-weary men-at-arms, the calumnies heaped upon the head of the grey Franciscan—we have no space in this article. No one knows exactly how far Fray Marcos did go. There seems to be no doubt that the priest believed that he had found the Seven Cities of Cibola. The fact that he was *willing* to pilot Coronado and his hard-bitten troopers back over that God-forsaken terrain seems to be ground for believing the sincerity of Fray Marcos. The states of Arizona and New Mexico are today monuments enough to the memory of the grey-robe who dared to go alone in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola.

Broken in health by his hard journey, Fray Marcos settled quietly into the life of his calling and died in his bed in Jalapa in the year 1558.

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"Well," said Hard Rock Shorty, "it may be true that generally speakin' the best way to get a burro any place is to head 'im in the opposite direction an' then try to keep 'im from backin' up, but it ain't always true. I've knowed burros that had to be headed sideways to get 'em home."

Hard Rock tipped his chair back, got his heels hooked over the top rail of the porch and went on with his lecture on the psychology of the burro.

"Let me tell you about old Cholla Walters who lives a piece on down below Inferno. He is the ornieriest, cantankerous, most ungenerate specimen I ever met. His whiskers stick out like cholla stickers, an' his disposition matches. Not only that, he has a burro, which is jest like him. Cholla an' Beauty—as he named this hammer headed jackass—has been almost every place in Death Valley, an' at least twice in every one o' these places Cholla's threatened to shoot that dod-blasted Beauty an' be done with it. He ain't never done it though—probably's afraid the bullets'll bounce back at 'im."

"One day on Sky High Pass, Cholla was ridin' Beauty along the trail when the wind blowed a little greasewood bush against the bur-

ro's heels. Now most times it'd take a couple o' raps with a sledge hammer to wake old Beauty up. But he didn't like to be rode, an' he didn't want to go the way they was headed anyway, so he whirled around an' took out the other way. Cholla was a bouncin' up an' down an' hollerin' . . .

"'Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Dang yuh, whoa!'

"Old Beauty minded just like he always did, an' the first thing Cholla knowed, they'd left the trail an' was headin' out 'cross country. All of a sudden they come to the top of a great high cliff.

"'Whoa!' yells Cholla 'Whoa Beauty!'

"Well Sir, that done it. If Cholla'd kept still, the burro'd probably've stopped, but he was so contrary he just hopped off with Cholla still astraddle of 'im. It was anyway three thousand foot right straight down, an' all the way Cholla kept haulin' on the reins an' cussin' Beauty. But just as they was about to hit bottom, Cholla had a idea that saved his life. He kicked Beauty in the ribs—

"'Git up! Dang yer ornery hide!' he yells.

"That done it again. Beauty was so contrary that he stopped—just eight inches off the ground!"

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FRUSTRATION

Photo by Wm. M. PENNINGTON

'Feel' of the Desert

By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

The Zuni, like other Indian tribesmen, has found it necessary to readjust himself to a civilization that was foreign to him. The problem is especially difficult for the younger Indian, who often finds himself caught in an eddy between the slow-moving tide of ancient tradition, and the more tempestuous current of the white man's way of life.

It is not easy to read the expression in this Zuni countenance. Neither stolidity, resentment, defiance, rebellion, resignation, nor anger is the right word. Perhaps the English "What's the use?" would be the most accurate interpretation.

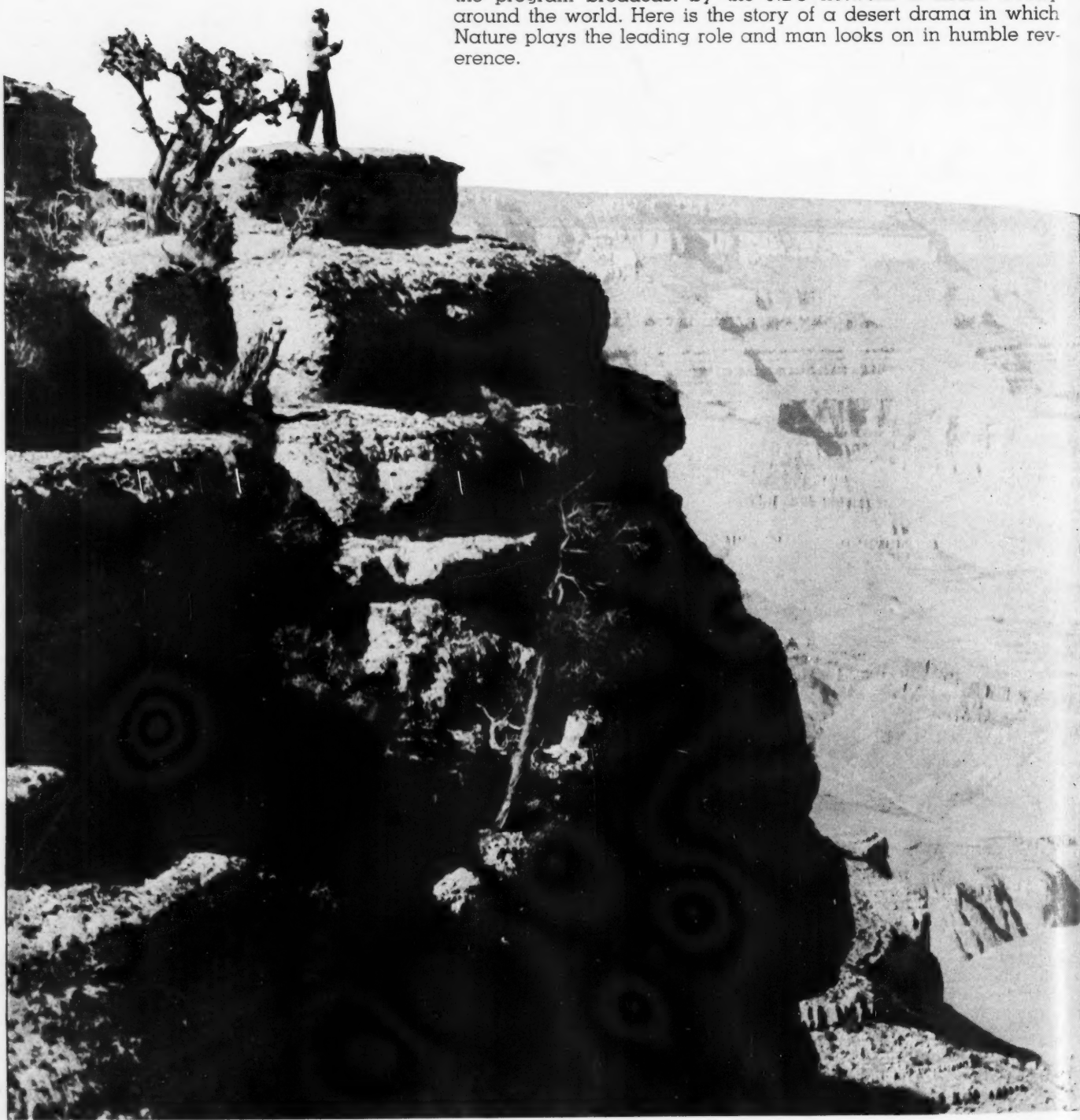
Perhaps also, if the white men could learn something of the Zuni are of living together in harmony, both races would find their problems greatly simplified.

APRIL, 1939

When Easter Comes to Grand Canyon

*Howard Pyle stands on a
promontory overlooking the
Grand Canyon on Easter
morning with a stop watch in
his hand awaiting the magic
hour of six*

Only a comparatively small percentage of the human beings who live on this earth have been privileged to see Grand Canyon—but when the Easter sun peeps over the gorge every year the program broadcast by the NBC network is heard nearly around the world. Here is the story of a desert drama in which Nature plays the leading role and man looks on in humble reverence.



By

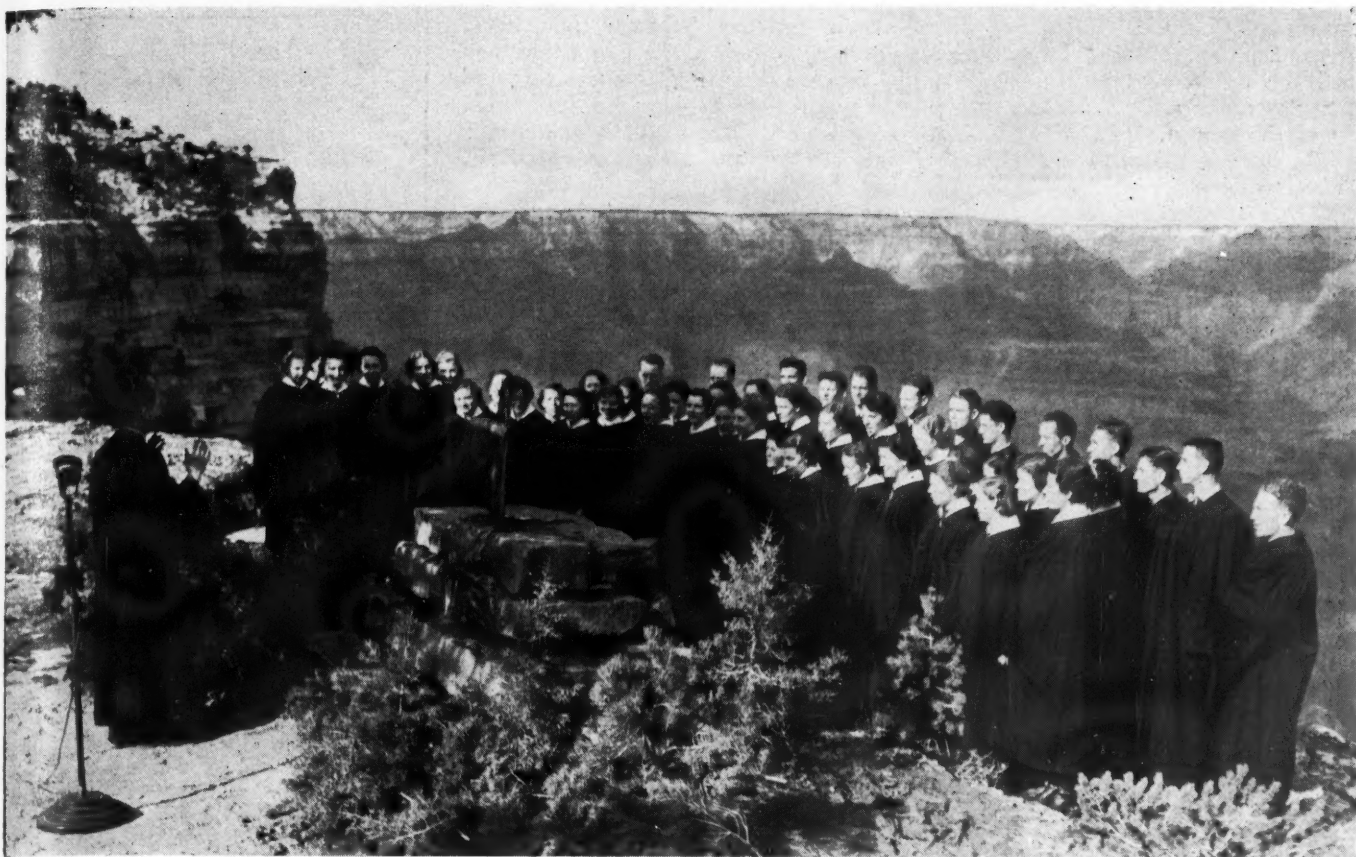
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By VIRGINIA DUNCAN

AS if we gazed at it from the very edge of Creation, the Grand Canyon had been a bewildering void since before midnight. Black haze had shrouded it, elusive yet almost tangible, wraithlike but real. Then a gray dawn had come to set the haze boiling in evolution, and more than ever we were awed by the vastness there. We waited in expectant hush. The sun appeared precisely as if it had been awaiting its cue—an Easter sun, shooting two arrows of light across the sky exactly at 6 a. m. They were golden arrows, forming a celestial V and destroying the last lingering vestige of gloom. The Grand Canyon again was alive!

On that light cue a tense *a capella* choir of 60 young collegians burst into song, their "Hosannas" rising through the piñon trees and spreading triumphantly over the gorge so deep that it might have been a tomb for all the men who ever lived. Their music was heraldic, not only of a new sun and a new day, but of a new hope and salvation for Christian folk everywhere. And Christian folk everywhere heard it.

The Grand Canyon Easter sunrise service has captured hearts and imaginations literally around the world. For four years it has gone over every NBC station, and by short wave to every foreign land.

"May God bless you manifold," wrote a devout listener from a European coast.

This chorus from the Arizona State Teachers' College at Flagstaff gathers around the shrine on the rim of Grand Canyon to greet the Easter Sunrise with a fitting "Hosanna."

"I sat alone in a lighthouse and pictured the Canyon as you described it, and enjoyed your music. The inspiration there must be something like the majesty of our ocean waves."

He was right. Nothing on God's earth is so majestic and inspirational in its wild way as an ocean, nor in its silent way as the Grand Canyon. The Canyon at dawn is to my mind the one spot on earth supreme as an Easter shrine.

Radio Announcer Is Drafted

To Howard Pyle of the KTAR staff in Phoenix fell the privilege of "describing" the Canyon sunrise. It is perhaps the most difficult task a radio artist could have. Since time began men have sensed the futility of attempting to describe a sunrise, with pictures, words, music, or all three. And a sunrise over the Grand Canyon - - - !

Pyle first flatly declined the honor, admitted to his friend and boss, Richard O. Lewis, that he couldn't do the job. Lewis just grinned at him.

"Can't hear you," he told Howard. "You're the program director here. Have at it."

"But great heavens, Dick—think what it means!" Howard pleaded. "I have no status as a writer. I am just a voice, a

program organizer. I'm not even expert at describing a football game. And an Arizona sunrise, over the Grand Canyon, at Easter . . . why I . . ."

"If you could hire Shakespeare he'd fail at this job," Dick Lewis declared, truthfully. "You live in Arizona, and love it. You're a devout Christian. You know radio. Go on inside your office and lock the door."

And so for four years the world has heard superbly good verbal descriptions of one of Nature's grandest spectacles. Pyle makes a few preliminary notes, a page or two of sketchy script, but they are mainly for insurance in split-second timing, as chain radio requires. Most of his actual description is spontaneous, adapted to the mood and weather of the moment, yet his flow of words is nothing short of poetic.

For nearly an hour before the moment of the broadcast he sits alone on a promontory, a white rock cliff that pushes peninsula-like out into the purplish canyon. He could step forward four feet and fall half a mile. Two wires tied to his belt stretch across a branch canyon to the microphone at the choir, thence to the instrument car. No one is allowed to go out near Howard. At 10 minutes to six he stands, ear phones on his head, gazing downward and eastward. Patches of snow may linger around him but he is impervious to its cold and to the chilling winds that eddy up from the Canyon depths. A mile below he can see the dark

form of the Colorado river coming alive for another day. Fifteen miles away, beyond the precipitous chasm created by Nature's erosive artistry, is the opposite rim of the canyon. Over all is a night pall, a haze, a gloom, a shroud as in Christ's tomb.

A faint glow appears on the eastern horizon. Howard lifts his right hand. Eyes on his wrist watch, he sees the second hand touch twelve. It is six o'clock! Down drops his arm. Instantly, "Hosanna, HOSANNA!" the choir begins. The sun is rising from behind the distant horizon, highlighting the rugged landscape and touching the face of the announcer. For half an hour (some years it is an hour) the service continues. Music, prayer, a sermonette, and Howard Pyle's beautiful description!

Master Painter at Work

"The Master Painter is at work," we heard him saying. "Each new flood of brilliance seems to fall like an echo from the lofty reaches of the eastern sky. The song of a new day is begun. Its melody seems to spring everywhere. The shroud of royal purple is being cut to bits, already the Grand Canyon of Arizona is like another world."

The Easter broadcast is non-sectarian. I recall that Episcopal ministers were there last year, and I know that Dr. Charles S. Poling, a Presbyterian, delivered the sermonette two years prior. It doesn't matter; Jesus brought no "denominations" to earth, and at Easter as at no other time do Christians feel one fellowship.

The choir from Flagstaff (Arizona) Teachers College, the half dozen radio folk and the minister, and perhaps 200 spectators, constituted the group who were at the rim Shrine of the Ages. The actual shrine is but a wooden cross atop a rock table, simple but significant. We of the audience stood shivering back a ways, so that stray coughs and rustlings would not reach the microphone. We took no part; there was no place for applause. But I think that in every heart was a prayer, a song of exaltation, for some of us had traveled more than 2,000 miles to be at that shrine for that particular half hour, and mere curiosity was not the moving force.

Afterward, of course, all of us had an interest in the mechanics of the broadcast. Some of us were woefully non-technical. Old Red Rock, for instance. He is a patriarch among the "lowest down people on earth," the Havasupai Indians, who live 3,000 feet below the rim in the very Canyon itself. His people have been Canyon dwellers for too many centuries to remember.

Red Rock could not understand the microphone, nor what palefaces were doing in front of it. He knew we were at

worship—indeed, he could join us in his pagan way—but what was all this talk of sending the words and music around the world, into foreign lands, across the great waters? White man is either crazy or miraculous. Red Rock suspects it is the former.

For that matter I can feel almost as incredulous as Red Rock. Consider this: The words and musical notes at that Canyon shrine were heard in far away New York, New Zealand, China, Buenos Aires, Johannesburg, Calcutta, and on ships at sea, actually *before* they were heard by us who stood there as a silent audience. We were 200 feet or so from the performers. Sound traversed that 200 feet of air slower than the electrical impulses could take it to radio speakers around the world, thence into ears nearby.

The Grand Canyon, so Messrs. Pyle, Anderson and Lewis of KTAR informed us, is the best possible radio broadcasting "studio." The acoustics of this mile-deep, 18-mile-wide, 200-mile-long room are perfect. The wind whispering in the piñons is likely to be the only extraneous sound, although one year the world did hear the snort of a Kaibab deer.

Deer Is Uninvited Guest

Visitors to the Canyon resort village know about the friendliness of the deer that roam there, begging food from tourists. Well, one curious buck saw the dudes gathered on the rim at this dawn, and ambled over to be sociable, sticking out his nose persistently at Eldon Ardry, directing the choir. Somebody made a silent shooing motion.

"Phoof!" snorted the deer, jumping back, indignant. Even the sedate preacher smiled.

Most disturbing incident perhaps was that which involved Arthur Anderson, who was to announce the first Grand Canyon program several years ago. Having the biggest job of his career at hand, he had prepared a perfect script. At dawn he arose by alarm clock, rushed joyfully to his post on the Canyon rim, took his microphone in readiness, looked off to see Howard Pyle's hand lifted in warning that the moment was near. Then he turned to say a morning hello to Louis Barrett, chief technician in charge.

Only a raspy croak came out! During the chill night laryngitis had crept into Mr. Anderson's throat. With but half a minute to wait now, he could not speak above a hoarse whisper.

Barrett had never been on the air, in fact he held a technician's mild contempt for "mere announcers." But in desperation he took his friend Andy's script and read it to the world, giving each performer a perfect cue. The world never suspected but that he had done a perfect, long-rehearsed job.

Monthly Prizes for Amateur Photographers

Each month the Desert Magazine offers cash prizes of \$5.00 and \$3.00 for first and second place winners in a photographic contest for amateurs.

Pictures must be limited to desert subjects, but include a wide range of possibilities — landscapes, close-ups of plant and animal life, character studies, Indians, canyons and rock formations, in fact any picture that belongs to the desert country.

There is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer and during the 15 months the contest has been held more prizes have been won by visiting amateurs than by desert residents. Following are the rules:

1—Pictures submitted in the April contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by April 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 or larger.

5—Pictures will be returned only when postage is enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the April contest will be announced and the pictures published in the June number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

CONTEST EDITOR,
DESERT MAGAZINE,
EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA.

When rumors reached John Hilton that a new desert gem area had been found along the route of a new highway being built through the Chuckawalla mountains of California between Niland and Blythe, he went out to investigate. The road was rough and he failed to find any prize gems, but it proved to be an interesting excursion nevertheless, and one that will interest all those who like to explore the desert by ways.

New Trail for Gem Collectors

By JOHN W. HILTON

CHUCKAWALLA range in Riverside county, Southern California, has always held a great fascination for me. Sprawling like a giant reptile across the desert it extends from Orocopia peak on the west nearly to the Colorado river and forms a natural barrier which only the hardest adventurers attempt to cross.

Hidden among its lofty crags and narrow gorges are many treasures to gladden

the eyes of mineral and gem collectors. Ghost mining camps tell the story of tragic efforts in past years to wrest gold and silver from this range. With one or two exceptions, the mining prospects in this region have never yielded wealth worth mentioning — but of quartz family gems there are many to be found here.

Recently I was told that a new road under construction between Niland and Blythe would traverse the heart of the

SPEEDOMETER LOG

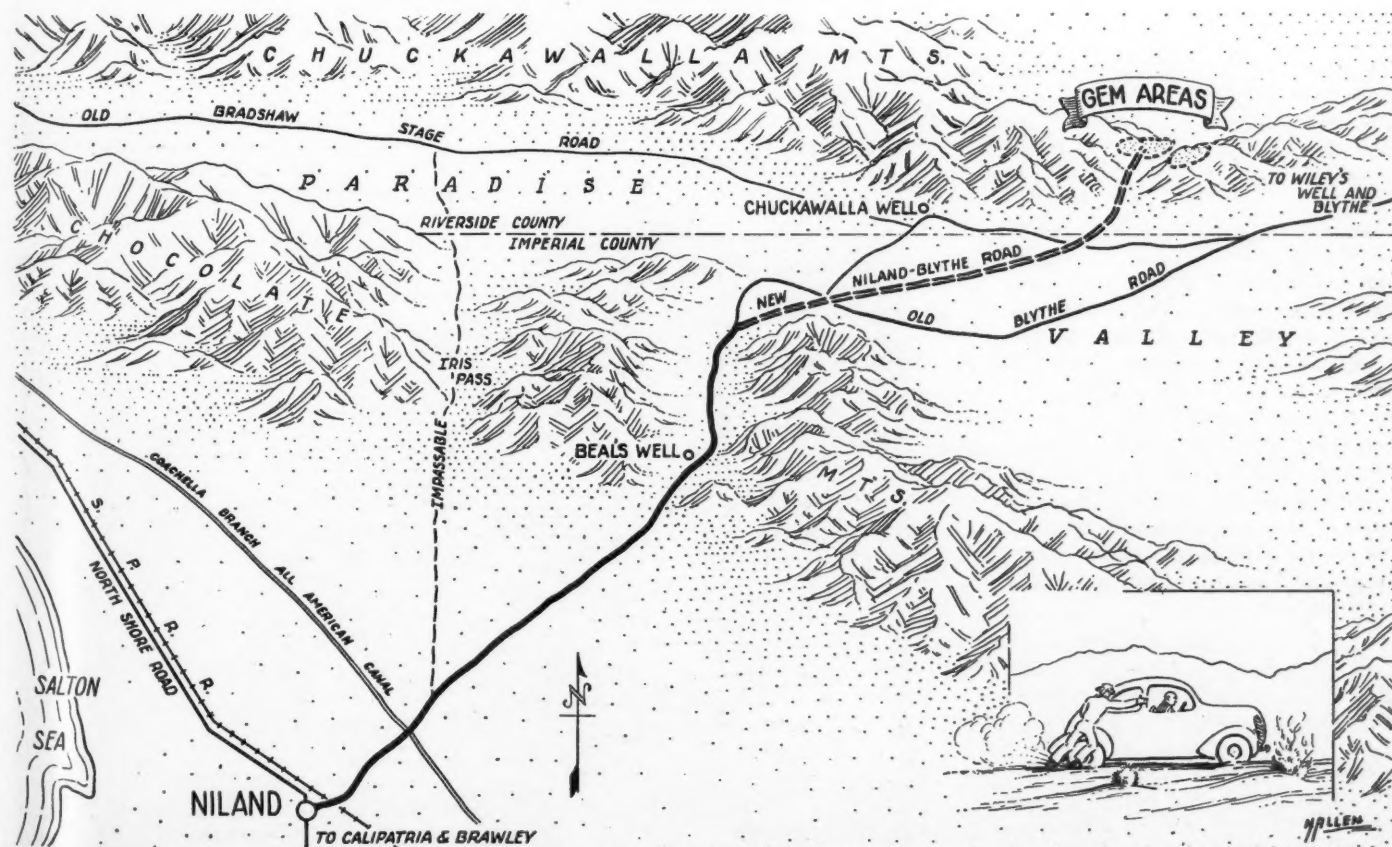
Niland to Chuckawalla Summit

- 0.0 Niland.
- 1.0 Glamis road takes off on right, keep to left.
- 2.0 Mining road takes off to right.
- 4.0 Road takes off on left toward Iris pass.
- 5.6 Sideroad on left.
- 10.0 Enter pass in Chocolate mountains.
- 13.6 Beal's well.
- 15.4 Junction where new road leaves old route.
- 30.2 Summit near end of new road.

Chuckawallas from south to north, and that new areas with possible gem material would be made accessible.

This sector of road is to be a link in the International Four States highway, and is being built through cooperation between Riverside and Imperial counties. When completed it will open a new inland route from Mexico to the Canadian border. The remaining sectors of this route through California, Nevada, Idaho and Montana already are open to travel.

It was for the purpose of getting a preview of the new road, and exploring the gem possibilities of the area through which it passes, that I invited a group of





Marjorie Reed, who spends her winters painting at Palm Springs, becomes geode collector for a day — and is fascinated by what she finds in the Chuckawalla field.

desert enthusiasts to join me recently on a trip along the route.

Leaving Mecca early in the morning, we soon were in sight of Salton sea and the comfortable resort which Gus Eiler has established at Date Palm Beach. Across the sea to the south we could see the outlines of California's Superstition mountains. As we watched the horizon the shape of the hills seem to waver and change. At times there would be the unbroken skyline of a table mountain. Then this would give way to a series of sharp pinnacles which in turn would seem to separate themselves from the floor of the desert and float off into space.

We were watching a typical winter morning mirage of the Cahuilla basin region. The distortion is due to the warming of the denser layers of atmosphere over the sea. The mirage is especially noticeable when the early morning sun brings a sharp change in the temperature.

As we approached Niland an occasional plot of cultivated ground replaced the barren clay flats of the north sea shore. Sheltered by the Chocolate mountains, this is the frostless winter garden belt of northern Imperial valley.

At Niland we crossed the tracks going north and followed signs which point the

way to Beal's well and Blythe. As we left the little settlement and started across the desert trail that led toward the northeast we noted the Auto Club's warning sign—cautioning all who come this way to carry an ample supply of water. There have been many desert tragedies along this route. It is a rough road with few watering places.

Travelers on the desert by-ways should always carry an extra five gallons of water. This not only is a protection for themselves but may be a boon to some other wayfarer who is in trouble along the route. There have been occasions on this trail when an extra gallon of water would have saved hours of suffering and even life itself.

Our road was climbing steadily toward the Chocolate mountains. Ironwood, palo verde and ocotillo replaced the low-growing sage and salt bush of the Salton sea area. Unexpectedly, a wide canyon opened in the brown range ahead and soon we were winding along the floor of a water-course between precipitous walls. Cholla cactus grows to giant size in this sheltered canyon and before long we found ourselves in a veritable garden of these plants. Some specimens grow to a height of 12 feet.

Then we came to Beal's well, always a reliable watering place for the traveler. This well is maintained by Imperial county and excellent water is obtained by means of a bucket and a rope. Prospectors come here from all over this area and

generally two or three of them are camped at this spot.

Shortly after passing the well we emerged from our pass in the Chocolates and climbed to the alluvial mesa known as Paradise valley. It is a wide plateau that lies between the Chocolate and Chuckawalla ranges. The name was given several years ago by real estate promoters who sold large numbers of five and 10-acre tracts sight-unseen to buyers who were under the impression their lands would be served with water from Imperial valley's all-American canal. The California real estate commission ordered the misrepresentation to be stopped, but there is still some trading in these lands.

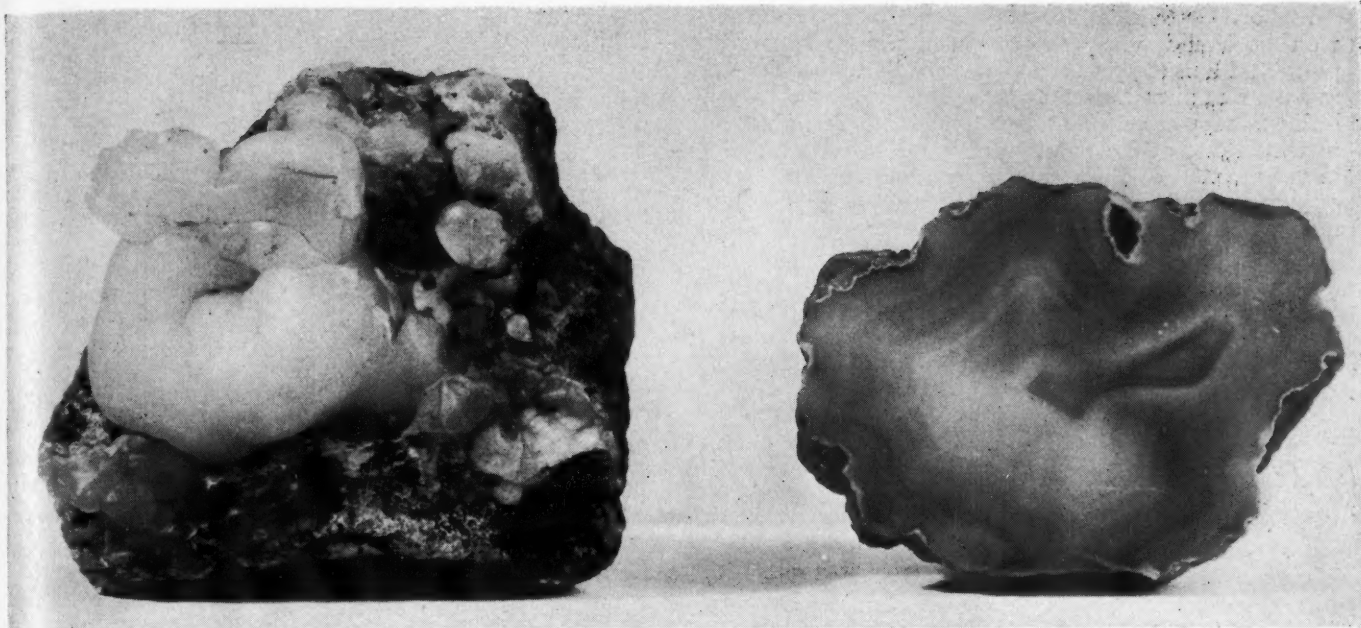
A few miles north of Beal's well we reached the junction where the newly constructed sector of the Niland-Blythe highway takes off from the old road. Under the direction of Supervisor B. M. Graham of Brawley a well graded road has been built from this point to the summit of the Chuckawalla mountains. Unfortunately, heavy rains came soon after the road grade was completed and we found the going slow and rough. The damage will be repaired, however.

Paradise valley, sheltered on all sides by mountain ranges, is a luxurious garden of desert vegetation at this season of the year. The giant chollas have been left behind and we are now in the region of the tree yucca — *Y. mohavensis*.

Ahead of us the Chuckawalla range loomed up in all its rugged beauty. Far off across the Colorado river to the east

Gem collectors pause along the new road leading toward Graham pass in the Chuckawalla mountains. Geodes and chalcedony roses were found in the pass ahead and to the right of the landscape shown in this photograph.





Typical specimens of chalcodony roses and thunder eggs found in Chuckawalla mountains

the Castle Dome range could be seen against a backdrop of Arizona mountains.

It was noon when we reached the point where the newly graded road crosses the old Bradshaw stage trail and we stopped here for picnic lunch. Five miles to the west of us is Chuckawalla well where still may be seen the ruins of the old stage station and corral used during the 'sixties when this was the main route of travel from the coast to the placer gold fields at La Paz, Arizona.

One member of our party found fresh deer tracks in the sand near where we ate our lunch. The heavy rains during the winter have brought a carpet of wildflowers to this desert region. They were not yet in blossom when we made our trip, but the green foliage evidently had brought the deer down from the rocky crags of the Chuckawallas.

A small butte standing out on the desert to the east of our road appeared to be formed of the type of Andesite where geodes often occur, and after lunch we hiked over there to investigate. I was disappointed at first when I could find no fragments of agate in the float at the base of the butte. Just before we were to leave, however, one of the women in our party brought me a round rock she had picked up. It was the color of Andesite and covered with wart-like protuberances. Presently we found more of these, including some that had broken in weathering and showed fine agate centers with interesting patterns. These are the type of agate nodules or Andesite-covered geodes known generally among collectors as "thunder eggs."

Closer inspection of the hill disclosed that these interesting specimens are weathering out of the east side, and that there is an abundance of them ranging

in size from that of a marble to six or eight inches in diameter.

This unexpected find kept us here for some time and it was midafternoon before we continued our way along the road toward the summit of the pass through the Chuckawallas. The cross-cuts in the road caused by recent storm water became more frequent and our progress was slow. Then we began to climb the grade that led over the range. The storm water that flowed across the road on the level plain had followed the wheel tracks on this grade and cut out ruts which made travel anything but monotonous.

Parking Place at Summit

We crossed two rock bridges and came to the summit from where we could look out across the Chuckawalla valley north of the range. The road started down the north slope, but on one of these hunches which come sometimes I stopped the car at the top and walked down the grade ahead. It was a good hunch for the road ended abruptly just around the next curve with no space at that point to turn around.

We had passed from Imperial into Riverside county, and the Riverside road-builders are to continue the construction work from this point to a connection with Highway 60 between Desert Center and Hopkins well.

We were looking for "chalcodony roses" which were reported to have been found along the route of this new road. A few poor specimens were seen near the right-of-way but on climbing the hill to the right I could see a low ridge extending away to the east which seemed to be a proper formation to carry them. About a quarter of a mile from the base of this ridge we came to an area in which the desert's roses of rock were plentiful.

We found them embedded in the mother rock. Here also were some small geodes. The difference in their occurrence is that a geode fills the entire cavity in which it is formed while the "desert roses" occupy only the bottom of the space in the lava bubble.

The chalcodony in this region assumes every conceivable form. The specimens can be used for such ornamental purposes as pin trays and paper weights and some of the smaller pieces would make beautiful buttons and articles of jewelry. Some of the small hollow geodes are so light they will float while others have tiny detached crystals in their centers which will rattle when they are shaken.

We found no specimens of exceptional quality, but for the gem hunter who finds pleasure in the exploring of new gem areas some of these stones are well worth carrying home. The new road is still very rough and it is not a trip I would recommend for a motorist inexperienced in desert travel. However, a few months later when the construction work on this new road is completed, it will open a great new region of interest to botanist and desert camper as well as to the gem hunter.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION OF MINES ISSUES REPORT

California's Division of Mines, under the direction of Walter W. Bradley, state mineralogist, has just released the July, 1938, issue of the California Journal of Mines and Geology, 160 pp.

Contents include a report on the Mineral Resources of El Dorado county, a paper on Strategic Minerals of California, Mineral High-Lights of California, and a Geologic Study of Submarine Canyons off the California coast. There are also special articles on The Mountain Copper Co., Ltd., Cyanide Treatment of Gossan, Use of Ultra-Violet Light in Prospecting for Scheelite, and the New State Lands Act of 1938.

Richard Sortomme, desert artist at Tucson, so far won the confidence of the Yaqui Indians that they permitted him to paint a series of water colors during their annual Easter Passion Play dances. The halftone reprint on this page is of "The Betrayal" in which one of the Soldiers of Satan is searching in the Garden of Gethsemane for El Cristo. This is one of the prints in the sequence of 11 pictures made by the artist.

He Painted the Yaquis

By RUBY BOWEN

WHILE a Yaqui policeman shooed away the crowd that milled around the Via Crucis, an unobtrusive little man sat sketching the dancing Indian figures in a pocket notebook.

The place was Pascua, the Easter village where the Yaqui Indians present their annual Passion play. The man was Richard Sortomme, Tucson desert artist who, as far as is known, made the first painted record of the Yaqui Easter dances.

Cameras are banned at these religious ceremonials, and the regulation is strictly enforced by the Indians themselves. However, the weirdly-masked policeman, who also was enacting the part of head Pharisee (one of the soldiers of Satan) in the play, not only permitted the sketches to be made but was concerned to the point of taking the artist under his special care. For these were Holy pictures and they must be just right.

Thus it was under the protection of this stern Yaqui Soldier of Satan that Richard Sortomme drew the outlines of his Resurrection interpretive paintings attracting wide-spread interest among artists and critics.

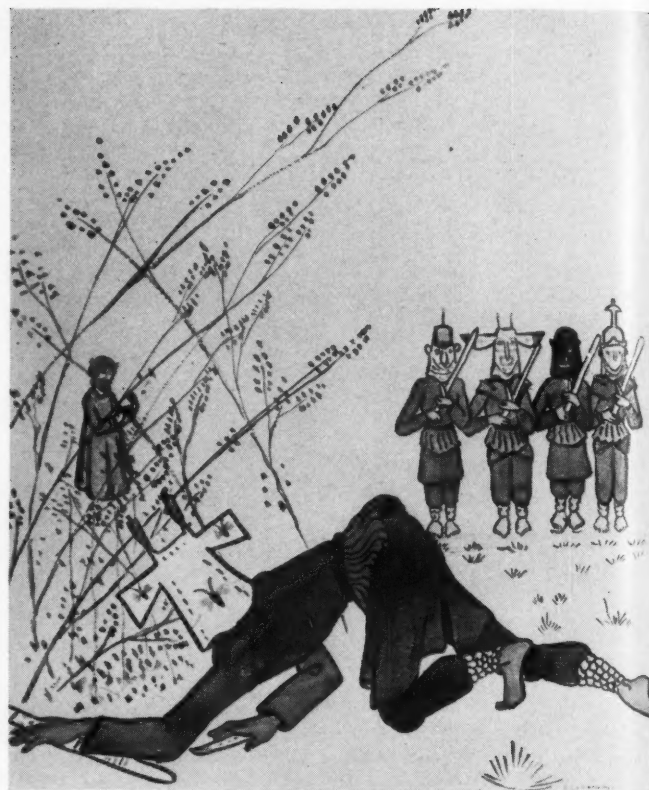
Sortomme remained at the Indian village six weeks to authenticate his work by close study of Yaqui tribal customs and ceremonials. The actual painting was done at his desert studio north of Tucson. The medium is guasch, a beautiful opaque water color.

The Yaqui Passion Play paintings comprised an important part of the one-man show of desert pictures which Sortomme held recently at the Temple of Art and Music at Tucson. Eleven paintings make up the complete Resurrection Sequence. They are: (1) PURIFICATION OF FLOGGING (the initial ceremony of Holy Week), (2) PHARISEES TRACKING EL CRISTO (soldiers of Satan seeking Christ), (3) THE RELAY (around the 14 Stations of the Cross), (4) SOLDIERS OF SATAN (the Chapieka figures), (5) THE BETRAYAL (Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane), (6) DEER DANCE, (7) YAQUI BACCHANAL (drinking scene where the Pharisees rejoice after the crucifixion), (8) JUDAS IN EFFIGY, (9) GLORIA (which shows the first tolling of the mission bells), (10) BEARERS OF THE TIDINGS, and (11) THE MIMICS (Yaqui children wearing masks make a game of the dances).

This unassuming little man who won the confidence of these primitive, half-pagan Indians is a native of Wisconsin. He studied at the Leighton School of Art at Milwaukee, Wisconsin and at the Minneapolis School of Art.

Sortomme stresses the beneficial results which his association with certain interesting personalities (not all of them artists) have had from time to time upon his work. Kopietz under whom he studied at Minneapolis influenced him greatly in choosing water colors as his medium.

Working under the archaeologist, Edgar A. DeForest,



rather early in his career, he painted a series of Mayan archaeological re-creations. This was significant in that it interested him in an authentic recording of Indian cultures. A large Mayan costume plate made under DeForest now hangs in the Arizona state museum at Tucson.

Coming to the southwest, he painted with Joseph A. Imhof at Taos. Several compositions were made by him of the pueblo Indians in New Mexico. A significant work is "THE EMBLEM," which is a recording of the Santo Domingo Green Corn Dance. That the preliminary sketch made for the finished painting now hangs in the Arizona state museum indicates the recognized authenticity of his work.

Sortomme's paintings have been exhibited with the Southwestern artist shows at Santa Fe; at the Tudor galleries, Chicago; Speed memorial museum, Louisville; and the John Herron museum, Indianapolis. He painted the murals for the Jennings county court house in Indiana. One-man shows have been hung at the W. K. Stuart gallery in Louisville; and at other galleries in Indianapolis, St. Petersburg, Florida, and recently at Tucson. He is a member of the Arizona society of painters and sculptors, and secretary of the Art Rental association.

Sortomme lives on the desert in a home which he says he has "built around obstacles." The Yaquis, who are adobe makers par excellence when they are not dancing, have been helping him in the construction of his studio. He showed me the fireplace he and the Yaquis recently built and proudly told me how well it drew.

Recently he painted a mural of the Passion Play dancers and invited the Yaquis over to view it. The Indians' reactions were interesting. Their beloved Maestro was the first figure they identified in the mural. "And that," they gleefully indicated a dancing Indian in the lower part of panel, "is Juan." "How do you know that?" the artist inquired.

"He holds his gourd rattle *so!*" the Yaquis pantomimed elaborately, "and he goes about the world *so*—always with his eyes looking wide. Oh, we know all right!", the Indians nodded sagely, to the delight of their desert artist.

When the Spanish padres came to the Southwest in the 1500s they found the Yaqui Indians celebrating the coming of spring each year with a strange pagan ritual. Under the influence of the Catholic fathers, the natives replaced their wooden god with an image of Christ and gradually wove the story of the last days of the Saviour into their own ceremonial, until today they have evolved a half-Christian, half-pagan Passion play that parallels in some respects the pageant of Oberammergau. Here is the story of one of the strangest ceremonials in America.

Masked Passion Play of the Yaquis

By RUBY BOWEN

"*No tengo camisa!*"

The half naked Yaqui Coyote Dancer who quietly addressed me in the circle of desert firelight was indeed without a shirt. The dancing flames gleamed fitfully on his bronze skin, giving him a supernatural appearance. One had the feeling of having been spoken to by a satyr out of some myth.

Besides the buckskin shorts which covered his loins, he wore a collection of cocoon and rattlesnake rattles which clattered about his ankles, and two weird masks pushed back from his face, one of them dangling a coyote tail over his forehead.

"He says he has no shirt!" translated one of the "pale people" who had gathered in the desert moonlight to share the spiritual beauty of this 400-year old Passion Play. The Yaqui Indians give this play each year during Holy Week at cacti thatched Pascua—Easter Village—a few miles north of Tucson, Arizona; at Guadalupe, near Phoenix; and in the Yaqui valley of Old Mexico.

A twinkle lurked in the dark, piercing eyes which looked into mine out of an otherwise solemn face. Patiently he held his deerhide tom-tom which served as a collection plate for my freewill offering while I struggled to unclasp my vanity purse.

"Well, I'll not have any shirt either," good-naturedly boomed an oversized white woman nearby. "Not if he passes the collection plate many more times tonight."

At which the "pale people" laughed uproariously. In the general hilarity which followed, purse strings were loosened as the Yaqui with coyote shrewdness had probably guessed they would



One of the Deer Dancers.
Photo by Pereira Studio.

be, and a generous shower of silver pieces tinkled into the tom-tom.

For the Coyote Dancer and his tribesmen these coins soon would be converted into great roasted beefs, pots of steaming coffee and cauldrons of bubbling beans. On the morrow, after the Soldiers of Satan had been conquered by the Forces

of Good, after Judas had been taken on his last ride on the back of a donkey along the Via Crucis—Way of the Cross—and the costumes worn by the Yaquis had gone up in the flames with the wickedness of Judas—then would come a time for great rejoicing! They would feast after the firecracker and straw stuffed effigy of Judas had popped and flared. This would be the annual *Fiesta de la Gloria* of the Yaqui Indians.

Tribesmen from the desert of Arizona and Mexico, who had trekked into Easter Village before Holy Week, their great wooden wagons filled nearly to bursting with brown children, were camped near the plaza. Yes, it was good perhaps that the "pale people" who also grieved over *El Cristo* and his sad journey along the Via Crucis had been made to laugh a little. Now the feasting would be assured.

Handing the silver-laden tom-tom to a group of elderly Indians who squatted on blankets by one of the numerous bonfires, the Coyote Dancer, no trace of humor in his eyes now, adjusted his mask. A graceful Yaqui, with a beautiful set of mounted deer horns on his head, awaited him in the circle of firelight.

Play of Pagan Ancestry

The Yaqui Passion Play is an enactment of the last days of the Christ as seen through the eyes of these half-Christian, half-pagan Indians. When the padres came to the Southwest in the 1500s, they found the Yaquis celebrating the Coming of Spring to the desert with a beautiful but barbarous pageant. Desert altars were decked with the first spring blossoms, even as they are today. A wooden god was placed upon the altars and a vast spectacle enacted, the Forces of Good after a mighty struggle always triumphant over the Forces of Evil. Coyotes' heads and heads of demons were used to represent Evil, as in the present-day pageant.

The padres' story of the gentle Christ so impressed the Yaquis that they wove it into their age-old drama. Bit by bit through the years they added and discarded, until the present Passion Play was evolved. Down came the wooden god and the wondrous *El Cristo* came to be worshipped as the Good. The Dancers of the Good were assigned to guard *El Cristo*, while the wicked Soldiers of Satan, made up of *Fariseos* and *Pilatos*, joined the ranks of the Forces of Evil along with the demons. The church flag and images of *Santa Maria* and *El Cristo* were added. Judas came to symbolize Evil upon whom the Yaquis vent their wrath.

As at Oberammergau, these devout Indian people live from one year to another for their Passion Play. It is so much a part of their lives they have named



their village near Tucson, "Pascua," which translated from the Spanish means Easter. The original ceremonial is almost 100 years older than the one at Oberammergau. Artifacts found by archaeologists indicate that it may even go back 1,000 years or longer. From one Easter until the next, the Yaquis are always in preparation for their play. Many of the materials for it must be gathered from the desert itself. As at Oberammergau, the character of the Yaqui in his everyday life is an important factor in determining the role that shall be assigned to him at Easter. They give not only the whole year to preparation for each annual presentation — they devote their lives to training for it. The Passion Play is their lives. Indian children, imitating their elders, begin to learn the dances as soon as they can toddle. When five years old, they start dancing as "angels" in the play.

Arizona Yaquis are not wards of the United States government. Fleeing the Yaqui valley in Mexico during the Diaz regime, they sought and found sanctuary here as political refugees. In recent years, an amnesty arranged with the Mexican government made it possible for the Arizona tribesmen to return to their old home in northern Sonora. Some in Pascua returned to Mexico. Among white Arizonians, to whom the Yaqui Easter play had come to have a deep significance, there was some concern lest the rare poetic beauty of this pageant be lost forever to the Arizona desert. But having grown to like their adopted home, many of the Indians remained.

As we make our Easter pilgrimage to

Soldiers of Satan. These are the Unbelievers who heckle and taunt the Faithful as they seek to travel the Way of the Cross. The picture is a halftone reproduction of water color painting by Richard Sortomme.

Photo by George Geyer

Pascua we see 14 crosses, whittled from cactus wood, sticking in the ground. This is the Via Crucis. It leads northward out of Easter Village and back again, and it is here on the desert sands that the scenes of the beautiful play are enacted. This is the Friday afternoon before Lent when the pageant always opens with the first procession around the Via Crucis. The procession ritual which continues through Lent is a symbolic prelude to the Passion Play itself, which begins on Wednesday of Holy Week.

Tom-tom Announces Prayer

Approaching Pascua on this first Friday afternoon, we hear a Yaqui tom-tom beating the second Call to Prayer. Streaming from their huts in the adjacent village, the colorfully-clad Indians are assembling at a ramada which, decorated with the first desert flowers and green branches, is a sacred desert shrine. A group of the Faithful quickly form a procession. Led by their beloved Maestro and carrying the emblems of their offices, the altar crucifixes and a statue of the Virgin Mary, the procession begins to move along the Way of the Cross, keeping step to the music of a masked flute player and drummer.

Heckling the Faithful as they move to the Stations of the Cross come the vil-

lians of the play, the *Fariseos* and the *Pilatos*—soldiers of Pilate. Together they are known as "Mummers." They are the unbelievers, the Soldiers of Satan. Weirdly dressed, at times masked, and always carrying rasping sticks and other noise makers, they interrupt the worship of the Faithful who strive to ignore their antics and attend to their prayers and the teachings of the Maestro. Brandishing wooden swords and paper shields and otherwise making themselves obnoxious, the *Pilatos* attempt to fight the Dancers of the Good who guard the women carrying the sacred statue of the Virgin. This taunting of the Faithful, symbolic of the conflict between Evil and Good, continues throughout the play itself, reaching its dramatic climax at the end of Holy Week. Beginning with one masked *Fariseo*, on each successive Friday during Lent another *Fariseo* appears. On the last Friday before Holy Week they are all in full regalia.

The Passion Play itself is ushered in simply on Wednesday of Holy Week at the sunset hour. As the last rays of the Arizona sun are streaking the sky and the shadows are lengthening on the Tucson peaks, the Yaquis, having previously purified themselves by flogging each other with ropes, gather at the shrine as they so often do for evening prayers.

We join them there. With their dogs about them and with drowsy children sleeping at brown mothers' breasts, these simple desert Indians begin their play with a sacred, candle-lighting and psalm-chanting ceremony. This is in their native tongue.

The following day, Holy Thursday,

the drama begins in earnest along the Via Crucis. Again the Soldiers of Satan beset the Faithful who seek to travel the Way of the Cross. Thursday night there is enacted the tragedy of the Garden of Gethsemane. It is an unforgettable scene played in full desert moonlight in a garden constructed of desert foliage. We go there reverently, Indian and "pale people" alike, to watch the betrayal of the Christ enacted by the Soldiers of Pilate, with Evil enjoying its hour of triumph.

As the moon rises, the *Pilatos* accompanied by drum and flute players, search the Stations of the Cross for *El Cristo*, indicating their intention with a fierce pantomime. Meanwhile the Maestro, holding a crucifix in his hand and wearing the mask of *El Cristo*, has quietly taken his place in the garden. He is found and interrogated thrice. From the Gospel of St. John 18 4-7, the Spirit of *El Cristo* speaks:

El Cristo: "A quien buscas?" Whom seek ye?

He is answered: "A Jesus, el Nazareno!"

Again *El Cristo* speaks: "A quien buscas?"

Once more, he is answered: "A Jesus, el Nazareno!"

The Spirit of *El Cristo* then asks: "Porque le buscas?" Why seek ye him?

Forces of Evil Triumph

He is not answered, but is seized roughly. As the *Pilatos* triumph, the demons among the Forces of Evil in great glee destroy the Garden. In the barbaric dance which follows, they howl like animals and roll on the sand in fiendish abandon. This betrayal scene is complete even to the cock crows, which part is much sought by small Yaqui boys. As the Garden is destroyed, the Faithful sadly chant the Miserere and retire to the shrine where, led by their Maestro, psalms are chanted and the rosary is said.

The Indians sometimes play this scene with the image of *El Cristo* instead of with the living Spirit. In this enactment, the image is previously hidden in the Garden. After a diligent search, it is pounced upon by the Soldiers of Satan. It is taken by them to the Yaqui church where it is "crucified" on a cross and hung inside the church. Later, this image is spirited out of the church and put into the bier. The actual crucifixion of the Christ is not usually enacted.

On Good Friday the Forces of Evil are still in the ascendancy. Madly they ride their long, painted, scraping sticks as if they were bucking broncos. They dance in mad abandon and mock the Faithful who watch sadly at *El Cristo's* bier. Guarded by black-clad Yaqui women under the blackened crosses at the ramada,

the statue of the little Virgin no longer wears her blue silk dress, her lace veil, her strings of gaily-colored beads. She now mourns in deepest black for her Son. Yaqui men wear black shirts as they watch the Coyote and Deer Dancers carry on the symbolic struggle of their death dance. Prayers are said for the dead.

The candles flicker and burn low. An aged Indian throws more wood on the fire. The Spirit of *El Cristo* may be traveling the Via Crucis this sad night. But he is not making his journey alone. For through these dark hours, the Yaquis are sorrowfully keeping the death watch. And as midnight approaches they kneel on the ground in prayer before putting on the headdress of the Matachin or Group Dancers whose lengthy ritual foretells the ascendancy of the Good. Small Indian children appear as "angels" in this dance.

Judas Burned at Stake

On Holy Saturday, the dancing culminates in a triumph of Good over Evil. Yaqui virgins, dressed in white and wearing flowers in their hair, watch by the bier. An effigy of Judas is mounted on a donkey and taken to the Stations of the Cross where he meets the scorn of the Faithful. Then he is unmounted and tied to a stake. As the first note of the Gloria is intoned by the Yaqui choir, a match is touched to Judas. He goes up in a dramatic explosion of fireworks. The masks, clothing, and all the costumes and paraphernalia used in the ritual except deer horns and hoofs are tossed on the pyre and consumed in flames. Collectors beg the Indians to sell their beautifully carved and painted masks, their rasping sticks and headdresses instead of burning them. The Yaquis feel that great harm would come to whoever possessed these things, and although poor they refuse to exchange them for money.

After Evil has been vanquished in the flames the *Fiesta de la Gloria* begins. The feasting lasts from noon of Holy Saturday until Easter night. Guitars, harps and violins are brought forth by musicians. The little Virgin is clad once more in her blue silk dress, her lace veil, her many strands of beads. Colorful clothing is worn again by all the Indians and the dancing of the Forces of the Good continues through the day.

As the first light of Easter dawn breaks over Pascua, Yaqui women from the ranks of the Faithful trek over the desert to *El Cristo's* tomb on a hillside. It is empty and the Crucifix placed there is gone. News of the Resurrection is heralded. Bathed and purified, the Yaquis are now ready to listen to the Sermon on the Mount. Delivered by the Maestro, this makes a beautiful ending for the Passion Play. Feasting will continue, how-

ever, until the sunset hour when visiting Yaquis who have made their annual pilgrimage to Easter Village will climb into their great wooden wagons and start the long journey homeward.

The Yaquis are relatively poor people, eking out a patient existence on the desert. But in this troubled world today where the Spirit of Evil is so often triumphant and evidences of man's greed and inhumanity to man are all about us, it is inspiring to note that these devout, simple Indians have evolved a Passion Play of great spiritual beauty and, resisting all temptation, have brought it through 400 consecutive years without commercializing it.

SOIL CONSERVATION DISTRICTS ORGANIZED

Reorganization of three major watershed districts in Arizona, New Mexico and parts of Colorado and Utah into nine conservation areas is announced by the U. S. soil conservation service. Establishment of a new area in New Mexico for the southern half of the Pecos drainage, and permanent status for three temporary areas in Utah and the western Colorado area have also been approved at Washington. Heretofore three major districts included the Rio Grande, with 19 million acres, all the area of the Rio Grande in New Mexico; the Gila district with 14 million acres of the Gila watershed from Silver City west and the Navajo district with 28 million acres in the San Juan and Little Colorado areas of New Mexico, Arizona, and parts of Colorado and Utah.

New area headquarters will be set up at Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Las Cruces, Roswell, Gallup, Silver City, Farmington, New Mexico; in Arizona at Warren, Safford and Window Rock; in Utah at Price, St. George, and Salt Lake City.

The service takes on broader activity, in addition to soil erosion administering the water facilities, land purchase and rehabilitation, and cooperative farm forestry programs. Hugh G. Calkins is regional director. Labor CCC enrollees from 22 camps in the four states will be used.

SEEKS REPAYMENT OF "FORGOTTEN TRIBES"

California's Attorney general asks the United States court of claims to set a trial date for the state's suit against the federal government in which \$15,000,000 is sought for 23,000 descendants of "18 forgotten tribes." Congress gave California permission to sue for the Indians under 18 treaties made in 1852. The state says Uncle Sam pigeonholed the treaties and never carried out their promises, "after driving the Indians from valuable land by trickery and force."

Where Anza Blazed the First Trail

By RANDALL HENDERSON

To Juan Bautista de Anza and the venturesome pioneers who came after him along the arid trail into Southern California, the Colorado desert was a perilous barrier that had to be overcome only because it could not be avoided. Little did these original trail-finders dream that the day would come when another generation of Americans would turn back to this same desert to find peace and freedom and a place of escape from the destructive forces of a man-made civilization. And yet, that is really taking place today. The State of California is setting aside a million acres of its desert domain as a sanctuary for those who would seek health and relaxation in the great outdoors—and appropriately, is naming it Anza Desert State Park.

*I*T was snowing when Capt. Juan Bautista de Anza and his caravan of 240 colonists and soldiers and muleteers arrived on the edge of the Borrego desert in Southern California in December, 1775. California was having unusual weather, even in those early days.

The water at San Sebastian springs (now Harper's well) was salty. The cattle in the expedition were dying from cold and exhaustion, and to make matters worse the wild Jecuiche Indians who occupied this region stole some of the saddle horses.

Capt. Anza found the Southern California desert in an unfriendly mood, and the 26-day march from Yuma to the top of the sierra overlooking the coastal plain was a painful experience for the stragglers of the band of home-seekers from Sonora, Mexico.

But if there was discouragement in the heart of the gallant commander of California's first colony of settlers he gave no hint of it in the diary which he wrote, and which has been preserved and translated by Dr. Herbert Bolton of the University of California.

When the report came to Anza that thieving Indians had made a raid on the livestock he "ordered the sergeant and four soldiers to go and follow them, with orders that if they should overtake the thieves in the open or in their villages they should three times require them to deliver the stolen animals, giving them to understand that if they did this again they would feel the force of arms, but that they were not to punish them with weapons except in case the Indians by force of their own arms should attempt to retain the saddle animals and refuse to deliver them."

Capt. Anza combined the qualities of

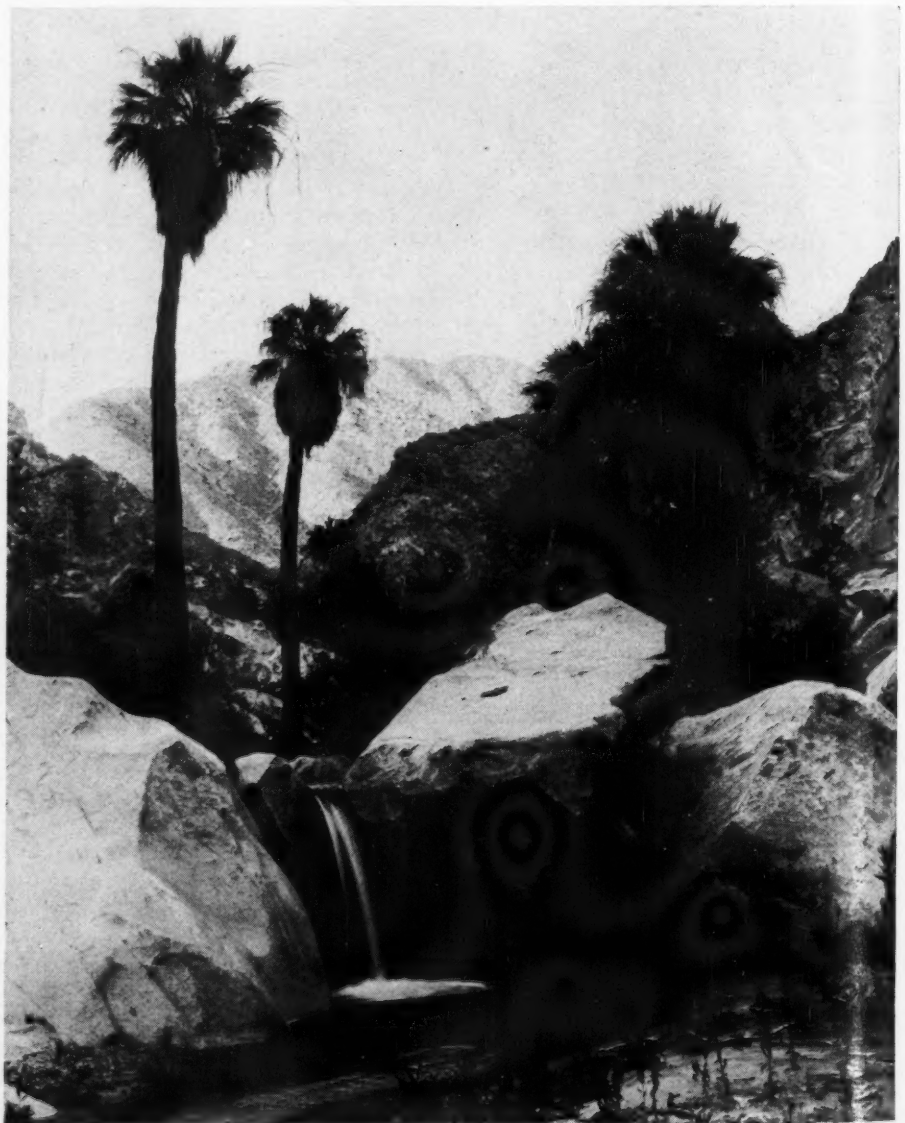
STATUS OF ANZA PARK

In the Borrego sector of the park California now owns 181,675.57 acres. Filing fees have been paid and patents are pending for an additional 27,766.92 acres of land to be taken over from the federal government.

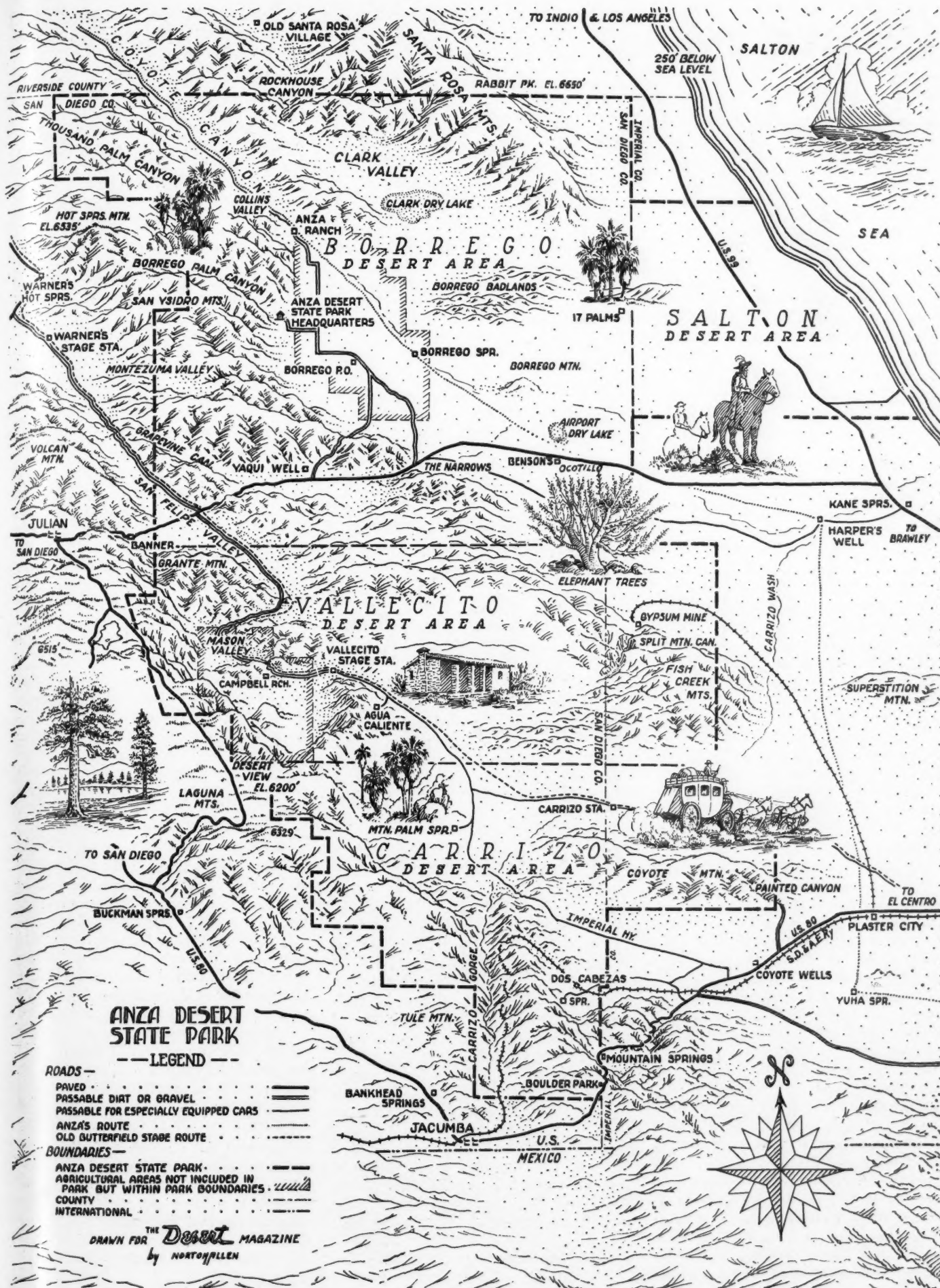
In the Vallecito-Carrizo sectors filing fees have been paid and patents are pending for 155,947.03 acres.

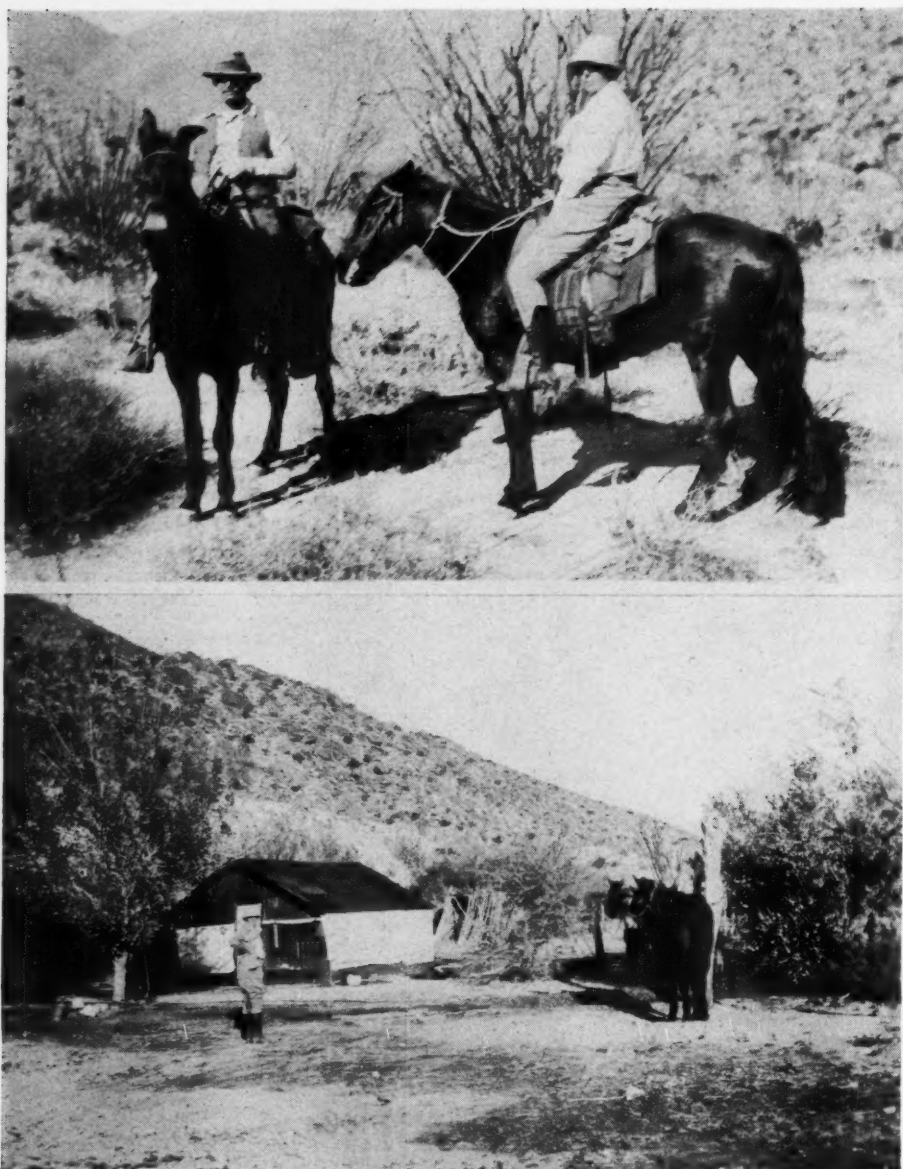
In the Salton Sea sector only 16 sections of public land are available for transfer to the state and the remainder will have to be purchased from private owners.

The total area ultimately to be taken over from public and private sources for park purposes is between 900,000 and 1,000,000 acres.



Waterfalls in Borrego Palm canyon. This picture taken by Clinton G. Abbott on his first trip of reconnaissance in 1927.





Above—Mrs. Clinton G. Abbott and A. A. Beaty in Collins valley, 1927

Below—Beaty homestead at entrance to Coyote canyon in 1927. This is now the Anza ranch. Photos by Clinton G. Abbott.

courage and magnanimity to a rare degree. He was a worthy leader, and it is to the credit of this generation of Californians that when a name was sought for a great desert park which ultimately is to include nearly a million acres of the most varied scenic resources within the borders of the state, it should be given the name of Anza.

Capt. Anza himself blazed the first white man's trail across the region occupied by the new desert park.

He had little opportunity to observe the scenic attractions of the land through which he passed. Waterholes were few and far between, freezing temperatures were killing his livestock, a blizzard of snow and sleet was sweeping down across the desert plain from the high sierra—and he had the responsibility for the comfort and safety of his 239 compan-

ions. Under more favorable conditions the alert Mexican *capitan* would have marveled at the natural phenomena encountered along the trail.

At Yuha well near where he entered the area which is now the State of California, he would have discovered — and perhaps did — that he was on the floor of an ancient sea bed, surrounded by fossil remains of a once-thriving marine life. Visitors today find in this area fossilized oyster shells as big as dinner platters.

Northward the expedition passed near the present site of Plaster City and through the sandy gap between Superstition and Fish Creek mountains. If the snow that filled the air was not too thick the colonists could have seen the well-defined waterline of ancient Lake Cahuilla marked by light-colored travertine

on the chocolate boulders along the base of the Fish creek sierra. If not too weary for a short detour they might have discovered circular pits formed by the small boulders along the old beach line—the so-called fish traps which today are the object of so much controversy.

Leaving San Sebastian spring where the episode of the stolen horses occurred, the way led near the present location of Benson's service station and the embryo townsite of Ocotillo. A meager supply of water was found in the sands of San Felipe wash. The route was in the vicinity of the recently rediscovered forest of Elephant trees. But Elephant trees would have been no novelty to a native of Sonora.

Misses the Sandstone Zoo

Anza carefully avoided the Badlands at the right of his line of march. For his party a trek through the highly eroded mudhills would have been a terrible ordeal. And yet, to the desert explorer today this Badlands area is one of the most fascinating spots in a park that has everything for the true lover of the outdoors. Here is the 17 Palms oasis, most colorful perhaps of all the palm oases in the Colorado desert region. Here are found the "beehives," the "bowling alley," the "sandstone zoo" — those mysterious fields of sandstone concretions which have been a puzzle to scientists and a delight to rock-garden collectors.

Leaving San Felipe wash the Anza party entered Coyote canyon and that night camped at one of the finest springs to be found in the entire area of California's Anza state park. These are the springs of Santa Catharina. A homesteader's cabin and a lone Washingtonia palm towering over a thicket of mesquite trees mark this spot today. John Collins, for whom Collins valley was named, was once a homesteader here.

There was still snow on the ground, and the unkempt and unclothed Indians of the region spied on this strange caravan from behind the boulders along Coyote canyon. If there had been time and opportunity Anza's horsemen riding south from this point into the San Ysidro mountains would have found gorgeous canyons of native palm trees and gnarled Sycamores — Indian canyon, Cougar canyon, Sheep canyon, Thousand Palm canyon, Alder canyon and others, which remain today, save for the absence of Indians, almost as wild and unknown as at the time Anza passed this way.

The next day's march took the expedition to another Coyote canyon spring which Anza called Los Danzantes because of the jittery antics of the Indians who approached the camp. Here, on Christmas eve, 1775, the first white child was born in California — Salvador Ygnacio Linares, son of Ygnacio and

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Gertrudis Rivas Linares. Concern for the welfare of the mother and babe caused Anza to delay two days at this point.

But the captain recorded that she was a plucky mother, and on December 28 the march was resumed and before nightfall the party had left the desert behind and reached the plateau at the top of the range of mountains beyond.

Juan Bautista de Anza discovered the park that today bears his name. For him it was not a holiday experience. But the courage and superb skill with which he piloted his ill-equipped army of colonists across those wind-swept sands entitle him to all the honor this generation can bestow.

After Anza came others. General Kearny, guided by the intrepid Kit Carson crossed the Carrizo sector of Anza park in 1846. With Kearny's "Army of the West" came Lieut. W. H. Emory, first to observe and record the flora of this region.

Discovers Native Palm Trees

"A few miles from the spring called Ojo Grande," wrote Lieut. Emory in his log book, "at the head of the creek, several scattered objects were seen projected against the cliffs, hailed by the Florida campaigners, some of whom were along, as old friends. They were cabbage trees."

Thus did Lieut. Emory become the first American to record the discovery of the native Washingtonia palm of the Southwest. The trees he saw probably were those in the Mountain Palm springs oasis, visible today as in Emory's time, to the traveler following a westward course along Vallecito creek.

Eleven years later James E. Birch came over practically this same route to establish the first overland stage road across western United States. Several months later Birch was succeeded by John Butterfield. Two of Butterfield's old relay stations at Vallecito and Carrizo, are within the limits of the new Anza park. The Vallecito station has been restored by citizens of San Diego county and the sponsors of this project hope that some day it will become a park museum. The site of the Carrizo station is marked today only by mounds of adobe where walls once stood.

Anza was the first white explorer to traverse the area which bears his name today. Kearny was the first to bring an invading army into this region. Birch and Butterfield opened the first wagon road across it.

But with all due credit and honor to these courageous trail-blazers, the real discoverers of Anza park were the members of a little scientific group in the City of San Diego — the Fellows of the San Diego Society of Natural History. They were not the first to view the landscape of this remote desert wilderness — but they were the men who first looked be-



Above—Guy L. Fleming, district superintendent of parks inspects one of the Elephant trees.

Below—This is a close-up study of one of the largest Elephant trees in the park.

yond its superficial aspects and saw its real wealth in terms of beauty and opportunity for recreation and scientific research. Figuratively, they were the first to drive the claim stakes that would forever preserve this region as a great natural laboratory of science, and a recreational retreat for Americans seeking health and happiness in the exploration of scenic canyons, rugged peaks and eroded mesas.

The earlier explorers had seen this desert only as a place from which to escape as quickly and painlessly as possible. The men of science saw this desert region as a haven to which thoughtful men and women might go and establish a closer contact with the God of creation.

Dr. Swingle Suggests Park

Among the names on the honor roll among those pioneers who years ago saw the vision of a great desert park in this region, the first, as far as the records show, was Dr. Walter T. Swingle, of the United States department of agriculture.

In 1927 Dr. Swingle was in charge of the U. S. Date Gardens at Indio, California. He was also a Fellow in the San Diego society. On September 2 of that year he read in the morning paper—the Los Angeles Times—that a meeting had been held in the coast city the previous day in which William Spry, then commissioner of the General Land Office, had conferred with a group of men relative to the withdrawal of certain lands in Southern California from public entry.

Dr. Swingle was familiar with some of the scenic canyons in the area adjacent to Borrego valley and instantly he saw an opportunity to preserve these places from commercial exploitation. A few days later he journeyed to San Diego to propose to Clinton G. Abbott and W. S. Wright of the Natural History society that application be made to have the Borrego lands included in the withdrawal order. He mentioned Borrego Palm canyon and Thousand Palm canyon in particular.

Dr. F. B. Sumner, president of the Fellows of the society, shared the enthusiasm of his associates, and on October 6 the Fellows agreed by unanimous vote to sponsor the project.

This was not the first time that natural beauty of the Borrego region had been brought to public attention. Feature writers and photographers had visited the area and recorded their explorations on a number of occasions. In May, 1926, the Times carried an illustrated story of the region written by George B. Bowers. San Diego newspapers and other publications had used similar material.

But the men of the Natural History Society were the first to do something about it. They immediately began to seek aid for their project in two directions. They wrote letters to state and federal

authorities, and they asked for the cooperation of the San Diego chamber of commerce.

December 3 of that year Mr. and Mrs. Abbott drove to Borrego valley on a trip of reconnaissance. They camped at the A. A. (Doc) Beatty homestead, and with Doc as wrangler and guide they rode horseback into Borrego and Thousand Palm canyons.

A few days later, in a letter to W. B. Rider, acting chief of the California Forestry service, Abbott wrote: "The very easy accessibility of this canyon (Borrego Palm canyon) will mean that it will be the first to be desecrated and, in the future development it will be the first to be despoiled . . . and it should be set aside now before it has to be purchased for a large sum."

The same day Abbott was writing this letter, December 13, 1927, the newly appointed Park Commission of California, authorized by popular referendum that year, was holding its first meeting to undertake the establishment of a series of state parks in California.

In the meantime the San Diego chamber of commerce had aligned itself actively with the scientific group at the museum, and an aggressive campaign was under way to make the desert park a reality.

Guy L. Fleming, now southern district superintendent of state parks in California, was one of the first to become interested in the project. As one of the Fellows of the San Diego society he was an original sponsor of the park idea, and as a committeeman on state parks in the San Diego chamber of commerce he became an aggressive worker for the new desert playground. At that time he was employed by Miss Ellen B. Scripps as custodian of her Torrey Pines park estate. Miss Scripps, with characteristic interest in anything of a philanthropic nature, told him to devote as much of his time as was needed to help promote the Borrego park.

Many Names on Honor Roll

Other names should be mentioned as pioneers in the desert park movement: Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the interior; Dr. George P. Clements of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce; L. M. Klauber and Arnold Klaus, chairman and secretary of the conservation committee of the San Diego chamber; Tam Deering, executive secretary of the State-County Parks and Beaches association of San Diego; Wm. E. Colby, chairman, and Henry O'Melveny of the California park commission; Harry Woods and Henry and Chas. Fearney, who played important roles in the acquisition of privately owned lands needed for park purposes. Congressman Phil D. Swing and later George Burnham sponsored the bills

making possible the acquisition of public lands in the park area.

Some of the most desirable sections in the proposed park already had been acquired by private owners before the park program was launched. At one time, when there was a critical need for funds which the state could not provide, George W. Marston and Ellen B. Scripps each donated \$2500 for the purchase of land to be annexed to the park.

Anza park has grown tremendously in size since it first existed as the dream of Dr. Swingle and Abbott and their associates. Dr. Swingle first suggested that the park reserve include a few sections of land in Borrego and Thousand Palms canyons. By the time the project was ready to submit to the California park commission it had been expanded to 116 square miles. In April 1928 following a trip over the area, Guy L. Fleming proposed in a letter to Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur that an additional 66 square miles be added.

Hays Favors Enlarged Area

In April 1929 Robert L. Hays, secretary-manager of the El Centro chamber of commerce proposed the inclusion of the Vallecito and Carrizo areas. The Brawley chamber of commerce, with George S. Krueger as secretary-manager, joined in this recommendation and urged an additional inclusion of all or a portion of the lands lying east of the Borrego proposal and extending to the Salton Sea.

Subsequent Congressional action making possible the acquisition of federal lands for state park purposes made certain the present day plan of acquiring a great natural park of 1800 square miles, extending from near the Mexican border north to the Santa Rosa mountains and from the Salton Sea west nearly to the Warner ranch. And for this area the State Park Commission adopted the name Anza Desert State Park.

While members of the California division of parks took a friendly attitude toward the project from the first, it was not until May 28 1930 that the park commissioners definitely committed the state to the acquisition of lands in this region for park purposes.

In the Borrego and Vallecito sectors are certain areas of privately owned farm land which probably always will remain under private cultivation. There is no object in taking these farms over for park purposes. The public is interested in scenic canyons and mountain retreats and the undisturbed desert aspects of the region.

Little has been done so far to develop this great park region. An official of the state park service estimated that the total expenditure of state funds in acquiring and maintaining the project during the

12 years since its inception has amounted to less than \$25,000.

The resident custodian of this 1800-square mile park domain is a part time ranger. John W. Calvert is assigned to duty at Anza park during the winter, with headquarters in Borrego valley, and transferred to Lake Tahoe when summer comes.

Anza park really doesn't need development as much as it needs protection. Among the most ardent friends of the park the idea prevails that roads into the park area should be limited, and that for the most part the region should remain inaccessible except to those who are interested enough to do their exploring on foot or horseback.

There are, however, innumerable points of historic and scenic interest — waterholes, stage stations, graves, oases and exotic desert gardens which need to be restored or preserved against that type of invader who destroys the flora and leaves tin cans along the trails and hideous markings on the rocks.

Anza park is the ancient home of countless Indian tribes. The evidence is found today in many places — the so-called fish traps along the Fish Creek mountains, the smoked caves in the Dos Cabezas region, the petroglyphs and the old grinding holes in the rocks at numerous places, the broken pottery strewn on the ground and the mesquite pits and prehistoric burial grounds — all these things bear evidence that at some undated period in the past this was the habitat and hunting ground for an Indian population greater in number perhaps than the white inhabitants of the region today.

The red man found this desert sufficient for all his needs. He took what he required for food and raiment, such as it was, but never destroyed needlessly. The white man who followed the Indian has not always been so thoughtful of the future.

Today, thanks to the initiative of a little group of men and women of clear vision and unselfish motive, this great desert region has been set aside as a monument to the courage and integrity of the *capitan* who first trod its soil, and as a sanctuary where men of this and future generations may commune with the Unseen Power that created all things — as did the ancient tribesmen before them.

PREHISTORIC BLANKET KEPT IN MUSEUM AT TUCSON

Probably the oldest American-made blanket in the world today, still in one piece, stands in a glass frame in the state museum at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

Made 700 or 800 years ago by prehistoric pueblo dwellers of Sycamore canyon in the northern part of Arizona, the blanket is not a thing of rare beauty, but

is considered excellent evidence of an advanced stage of craftsmanship among the prehistoric Indians.

The blanket is approximately five feet square. It is finely woven of coarse cotton thread and was apparently sized with

corn starch or diluted piñon glue before a simple swastika design was painted on it with a thin black paint. The design is clear and well-defined.

It was found by C. R. King of Clarkdale, Arizona, wrapped around a skeleton.

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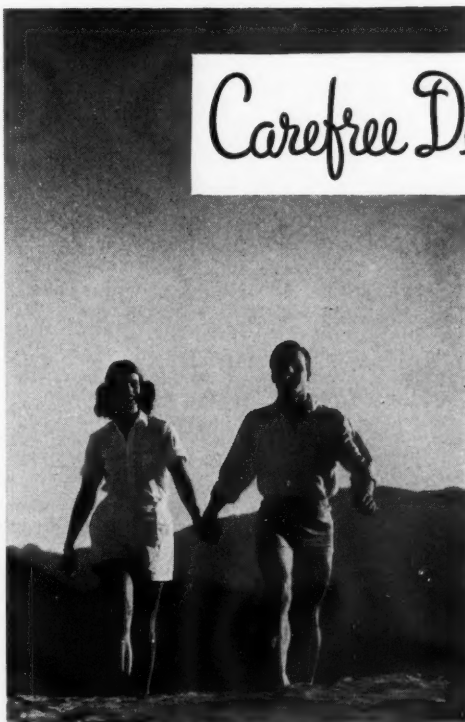
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DESERT PLACE NAMES

Compiled by TRACY M. SCOTT

For the historical data contained in this department, the *Desert Magazine* is indebted to the research work done by Miss Scott; to the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Frances Rosser Brown of New Mexico and to Hugh O'Neil of Ogden, Utah.

CALIFORNIA

CARRIZO CREEK

San Diego county
First white man to travel along Carrizo creek was Lieut. Pedro Fagas, who carried dispatches between the Colorado river and the San Gabriel mission at the time of the Indian uprising at Yuma in 1781. On his second trip he turned west up the Carrizo wash, hoping thus to save distance over the old Anza trail via Coyote canyon. Next white man of record to use the Carrizo trail was Santiago Argullo, in pursuit of Indian horse thieves in 1825. His confirmation of Fagas' assertion that it was the shortest and most feasible route between the Colorado and the mission settlements caused Spanish authorities to order Romuldo Pecheco, lieutenant of engineers, to reconnoiter the route and report. His report, filed in 1826, was approved and Pecheco was instructed to establish a small garrison on the Colorado river to protect government carriers and traders from Sonora. Thereafter the Anza trail was abandoned and the Carrizo route was adopted as the official mail route between California and Sonora. It was the first inland mail route established in California. Doubtless Pecheco named the Carrizo creek water hole in his report. About 1740 the Mexican government made a grant of 1167 acres of land there under the name of El Carrizo y la Cienega (common red grass and marsh). Evidently the grant was abandoned, for no effort was made to have it confirmed after American occupation, and the land reverted to public domain. John Butterfield personally selected the sites and named the stations on the stage line. He gave to each station the local name, where possible. "In 1901," writes James A. Jasper, who contributes this account, "I installed a public water trough there for the county."

ARIZONA

CEDAR SPRINGS

Graham county
Headquarters ranch in the 1880s for Norton & Stewart cattle company, west side of Pinaleno range, about 16 miles from Fort Grant on road to Camp Thomas. On Oct. 2, 1882, Geronimo and his band leaving San Carlos for Mexico attacked a wagon train belonging to M. Samaniego of Tucson, in sight of the stone cabin in which were Mrs. Mowlds and two men. Indians did not disturb them and they saw the entire fight through the portholes. Mrs. Mowlds' husband was killed by the Indians before her eyes as he was returning to the station. During the killing troopers of the Sixth cavalry arrived and a battle continued until night, when the Indians escaped. For several days preceding this outbreak, General Sherman, then chief of the U. S. army, had been at San Carlos agency studying the Indian situation. Two days before the Cedar Springs trouble, Sherman wired to the Secretary of War, closing his message somewhat like this: "In my judgment these Apaches are now well satisfied; are peaceable; and I feel sure we shall have no further trouble with them." Barnes says he sat in the telegraph office at Fort Apache and heard the message when it was sent. Sherman and his party missed the raid by the

narrowest of margins and the military brass hats were on pins and needles until their chief reported safe at Fort Grant. Barnes says this is a "bit of unwritten history."

NEVADA

LOVELOCK

Humboldt county
Town and valley. Named for George Lovelock, who went to the valley in 1862 and built in a spot just about opposite the present railroad station. Later he constructed a hotel and operated a smelter.

NENZEL MOUNTAIN

Humboldt county
Elev. 7200 feet. Named after Joseph F. Nenzel, who found rich silver float at the head of Rochester canyon in June. He located the Ora Honda claim.

LANDER

county
Established December 19, 1862, from portions of Churchill and Humboldt counties. Named after Gen. Frederick W. Lander who served in the Indian war of 1860 and had charge of building a wagon road across Nevada.

NEW MEXICO

CARLSBAD

Eddy county
Organized in 1888, named for John A. and Charles B. Eddy, brothers who held large ranch interests and promoted railroad building and townships in this section. Pat Garrett, noted sheriff who killed Billy the Kid, was one of the town's founders. Three miles northwest of town a spring flows 2500 gallons of water per minute. When it was learned the mineral content of this water was comparable to that of the Carlsbad springs in Bohemia, agitation arose to change the name of the town from Eddy to Carlsbad. At an election May 23, 1899, the change was voted. Proclaimed the city of Carlsbad by Governor W. E. Lindsey on March 25, 1918. Carlsbad caves national monument is located 25 miles southwest in the Guadalupe mountains. Eddy county, also named for the Eddy brothers, was organized from Lincoln county in 1881.

UTAH

COONS DIGGINS

Uintah county
Located six miles above China lake. In the 1880s a Union Pacific train was held up by two white men and a negro and \$70,000 in gold bullion was taken by the robbers and alleged to have been hidden in this vicinity. The negro who took part in the holdup was arrested and jailed. To a fellow prisoner, also a negro, he told the purported location of the bullion cache. When he was released the recipient of the bandit's confession went with others to the place he hoped to find the gold. Aided by a considerable number of friends, he bossed the job of literally digging up acres of land. Hence the name. So far as known, the bullion was never found.

ICE SPRING

Beaver county
Derives its name because it is actually a spring of ice. Coves extend under huge volcanoes and lava rock. Ice is found in large quantities oozing out of cracks in the floor of the coves and soon melts into pools of water. Always there is ice under the water.



*Block print of Canyon del Muerto made by Everett Ruess
Reproduced by Desert Magazine through the courtesy
of Everett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher G. Ruess
of Los Angeles.*

170-Mile Walk on the Desert

By EVERETT RUESS

Dear Mother, Father and Waldo:

This letter is being sent from the vicinity of Flagstaff, not Grand Canyon. Yesterday noon I was at the Little Colorado river, about to turn westward, when along came two boys in a small Ford truck who were much interested in what I was doing. They had passed me near Hotevilla pueblo. One of them suddenly decided to take me and the burro and Curly (Everett's dog) to his ranch in the Coconino forest, among the San Francisco peaks. I was much surprised, and I did not consider the project feasible, but he was confident it could be done.

The three of us finally shunted the donkey on, after much maneuvering. The rest of the pack was lashed on the roof. Pegasus stumbled and lurched from side to side, but maintained his equilibrium. We sailed along through desert and

Every day brought new and interesting experience to Everett Ruess, young artist-adventurer who spent several years roaming the desert trails of the Southwest before he disappeared in the southern Utah wilderness in 1934. With the eyes of a true artist Everett found color and drama in every situation. The accompanying letter, written to his family in June, 1931, recounts his first visit to the Hopi villages. The story of Everett's unusual life was told by Hugh Lacy in the issue of September, 1938.

forest, with the shadow of the donkey behind us. At dusk we reached their school, which has five teachers and five pupils. This afternoon I'll go to the ranch, and stay in the vicinity for a week or more. I expect to do some good painting and work out some blockprints. The mountain slope is covered with aspens, and wild life is very abundant. One of the boys, Rudolph Jenks, is interested in ornithology. He wants to buy my painting of a cliff dwelling.

So for a time I have left the heat of the desert behind me. The air is cool and bracing: I will be three or four thousand feet higher at the ranch.

The pueblo of Walpi was rather a disillusionment. There is an element of incongruity in the juxtaposition of old stone-work and fences made of bedsteads.

I also passed through Toreva, Chimopovi, Old Oraibi, and

Hotevilla. The dust and heat were extreme. When I was nearly at Blue Canyon, a young couple passed by, and saying that the canyon was dry, they gave me a gallon of water. I found that they were mistaken, and in a pocket in the rocks, I discovered an excellent swimming pool, of cool, green, shadowed water, with high rock walls. It was very deep too. Curly went swimming. I was startled to see what a tiny creature he is with fur wet down. Half of his size is fur. He enjoyed greatly the puppy biscuits you sent. Everyone seems to love him.

The next day I saw a weird thing, the dance of the tumbleweeds. A small whirlwind picked them up and tossed them in large circles. They would float to earth and then bounce up again. Around and around they went in fantastic spirals.

On the following day I went through Moenkopi Village, another Hopi town. There were cliffs of bright vermillion, and the finest specimens of Lombardy poplars that I have ever seen. A scorpion started to crawl into my blankets, but I stopped him in time.

The next day I passed by a stream to let the burros rest. Some Indians passed by me in a covered wagon, drawn by six horses and mules. The following two days were spent in the Painted Desert, until I reached the Little Colorado. I had walked one hundred and seventy miles from Chin Lee.

Love from Everett.

...

Weather

FEBRUARY REPORT FROM U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	48.6
Normal for February	55.1
High on February 22	76.
Low on February 10	28.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	0.89
Normal for February	0.77
Weather—	
Days clear	12
Days partly cloudy	12
Days cloudy	4

G. K. GREENING, Meteorologist.

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	53.2
Normal for February	58.6
High on February 23	78.
Low on February 10	32.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	0.19
67-year average for February	0.41
Weather—	
Days clear	22
Days partly cloudy	3
Days cloudy	3

Sunshine 83 per cent (257 hours out of possible 308 hours).

Colorado river—February discharge at Grand Canyon 158,990 second feet. Discharge at Parker dam 647,780 second feet. Estimated storage March 1 behind Boulder dam 21,500,000 acre feet.

F. C. CROMBIE, Meteorologist.

The Silly Coyote

A HOPI LEGEND

As told to HARRY C. JAMES

Bedtime stories are by no means an invention of the white man. Indian fathers and mothers were telling "Mother Goose" tales for the entertainment of their children long before Columbus sailed for America. It was through these stories that Indian youth gained an intimate acquaintance with the tribal deities and the elements of natural environment. The accompanying story is another legend from the scrapbook of Harry C. James, illustrated by W. Mootzka, a Hopi Indian boy.

SHORTLY after the first Hopis built their houses at Oraibi, there lived at the foot of the mesa a very stupid and silly coyote. She was so silly that she was always laughing at everything for no reason. She was just like some of the silly white people who come to see our snake dance ceremonies and laugh all the time.

Well, this silly coyote had four puppies. Food and water were scarce that year, so the coyote mother had a hard time getting enough for her puppies to eat and drink. She would always run here and there and everywhere looking for things and laughing in her foolish way.

One day she was carrying water in her mouth from one of the springs. As she was hurrying along she saw a little wren dancing on top of a rock and singing. The silly coyote started to laugh and lost all the water. She went back to the spring and filled her mouth once more. Again she came to where the wren was dancing and again she laughed and lost all the water. This time she was angry and blamed the wren. "Make me laugh again

and I will eat you up!" she cried harshly to the bird.

As the coyote went back to the spring the third time, the wren slipped off her skin with all the feathers on it and quickly fitted it over a stone. She arranged the feathers neatly and then she placed it up on top of the big rock where she had been dancing. It looked just like a real bird sitting there. The wren hid behind the rock and began to sing again when she heard the coyote coming along.

The silly coyote listened again to the song the little wren sang, as she lay hidden behind the rock. The coyote tried to keep from laughing, but she was so foolish that first she began to smile so that the water dripped out of the edges of her mouth. Then she burst into a full laugh and lost it all again. She was furious. She made a bound for what she thought was the wren sitting on top of the rock and broke many of her teeth and hurt her mouth on the stone which she quickly dropped. Her mouth began to bleed and she hurried to the spring, but as she went to drink she saw the face of a dreadful looking coyote reflected in the calm surface of the pool. The face was fierce and terribly blotched with blood. It was really her own image she saw in the pool, of course, but the silly coyote did not know it and dashed in fear away to another spring. Here the same thing happened. Now she became panic-stricken and dashed from spring to spring, getting more and more frightened as in each spring she saw the dreadful bloody face.

Finally in terror she ran to the rim of the great canyon of the Colorado and threw herself over the edge and was killed. The little wren smoothed out her feathers and skin, put them on, and continued her dance.



WILD BURROS THREATEN FOOD SUPPLY OF SHEEP

Wild burros are becoming so numerous in the Boulder dam recreational area U. S. Park service rangers are seeking some method of control to protect the food supply for bighorn sheep which also range in that region.

Guy D. Edwards, national park service supervisor, estimates there are about 400 wild burros in the recreational area, all of which is a game preserve where protection is given to all forms of wildlife. These burros rove in bands, sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty being in a herd. They have voracious appetites and will eat almost anything within reach. Standing on their hind legs, they pull leaves and twigs from the trees. Areas where they range finally became so denuded that only sparse "pickings" are left for the bighorn.

Once numerous throughout the Southwest, the bighorn sheep are now comparatively scarce. A preliminary census taken of them in the 2600 square miles that comprise the national park service recreational area here indicates there may be as many as 250.

"It may become necessary to trap some of the burros in corrals," said Edwards, "and transport them to other sections of the Southwest, to assure a continued adequate food supply here for all native species of wildlife."

EARLY FISHERMEN TO REACH LAKES ON SKIS

Sportsmen who like both skiing and fishing will have an opportunity to enjoy these two pastimes together, according to plans being made by the Inyo-Mono association with headquarters at Bishop, California.

Robert L. Brown, executive secretary of the association says plans are being worked out for members of the trout fishing fraternity to ski in to some of the higher lakes in the Inyo-Mono area after the fishing season opens in May.

With five ski-lifts in operation during the past winter snow sports on the western rim of the California desert developed to a high point despite the fact that snowfall was below normal.

ANCIENT STONE AXE GOES TO WASHINGTON

Members of the House Appropriations Committee in Washington are now being "called to order" with a stone axe, fashioned and used by prehistoric Indians who lived in cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde.

Representative Edward T. Taylor of Colorado, chairman of the committee, found the axe before the Mesa Verde National Park was established in 1906.

The Desert Trading Post

Classified advertising in this section costs eight cents a word, \$1.60 minimum per issue—actually about 10 cents per thousand readers.

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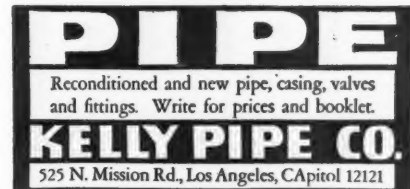
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Botany Class

Photograph by Charles Webber

This month the Desert Magazine presents one of the more common desert flowers — the Apricot Mallow, *Sphaeralcea emoryi* Torr.

This member of the mallow family is easily recognized because its common name derives from the rich ripe apricot coloring of its blossoms. It is a graceful perennial growing as a single specimen along sandy washes and canyons and on the lower alluvial slopes.

The blossom makes its appearance as early as March and may be found on the higher levels until early summer, and sometimes reaches a height of three feet. Usually there are several stems from the same base.

The genus as a whole is a variable one, and the species illustrated this month is no exception. By some authorities it is identified as *S. fendleri* var. *californica* Parish, while others recognize it as a distinct species—*S. emoryi*, named for Major W. H. Emory, director of the Mexican Boundary Survey.

It is found largely in the Colorado desert of California, although it occurs as far east as New Mexico. A number of similar species also may be found blooming within its area at approximately the same time. *S. ambigua* Gray is one of the most variable and widespread, growing in both the Mojave and Colorado deserts and east into Arizona and Nevada. *S. pedata* is one of the common Arizona species, and *S. orcuttii* Rose is found in sandy places in Imperial Valley.

...

Last Month's "Mystery Picture"

Thanks to the cooperation given by two well informed botanists, Eva M. Wilson of El Centro, and M. French Gilman of Death Valley, the Desert Magazine presents the following information regarding *Eucnide urens*, the mystery flower pictured in last month's issue.

The *Eucnide urens* is sometimes called Sting-bush from the tiny spines or stinging hairs on all parts of the plant except the petals and roots.

The plant belongs to the family Loasaceae containing two other genera: *Mentzelia* with several species, the most notable being the Blazing Star; and the *Petalonyx* or Sandpaper Bush. The plant ranges from parts of the Mojave desert into suitable localities in Nevada and Utah and even into Lower California. In the Death Valley region it is found from a few feet below sea level up to over three thousand feet but is seen most commonly from 500 to 1500 feet.

The spines or stiff hairs are of two sorts, one much longer than the other and found on the stems and leaf stems. The shorter spines have several barbs scattered along their length and a few at the end forming a tiny star. These are mostly on the under side of the leaf and on coming in contact with clothing stick closer than a brother. Mexicans call it *buena mujer*, good woman. In 1933 when the first company of the CCC moved into Death Valley the enrollees took this leaf for their emblem and stuck one on the front of the hat where it remained for several weeks.

The plant is shrubby, growing to a height of 36 inches and sometimes as wide as five feet. One very large specimen reported by Gilman had 1004 open flowers. He stretched strings over the plant making several divisions so no flower would be counted twice.

The plants grow in gravelly soil and sometimes even in a crevice in a rocky wall or cliff where there seems no soil to nourish them.



Wild Flowers on Parade . .

OUT in the barren Yuha basin of the Southern California desert, narrow crinkly leaves have pushed up through the sandy soil. These leaves are the forerunners of one of the most exquisite blossoms that grow in the wastelands — the desert lily.

Their growth is not confined to Yuha area. Everywhere on the desert the same thing is taking place today. Rains have been plentiful over much of the desert this winter and the leaves of hundreds of varieties of wildflowers are in evidence.

The next two months will be the period when the desert is on parade — and this is the time when desert and distant dwellers alike will want to plan their trips into the open country.

The desert really blooms in April. No other month has such variety of form and color. May, perhaps, is more brilliant and riotous, but the color pattern is less varied. Whereas yellow is prominent in April's color scheme, it becomes the keynote of late spring and summer. But in April it must vie with white and lavender, with apricot and green, with magenta and rose and blue.

Reports from points throughout the southern and central portions of the desert indicate that, with few exceptions, this April will have a profusion of wild flowers far above normal.

In order that readers of the Desert Magazine may know where to go and what to expect, inquiries have been sent to botanist friends in widely separated areas. Thanks to the cooper-

The DESERT MAGAZINE

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ation of these friends, a fairly complete forecast is now available for all who are interested.

From Don Admiral at Palm Springs comes the information that "in the Salton sea area there are now many verbenas in blossom, also desert sunflower and a few lilies. In another week the display will be general. This is also true of the Indio and Palm Springs vicinities. If another rain comes within the next week we can count on a desert flower show that will be exceptionally gorgeous. If it does not rain we will still have better than an average display.

In the Imperial valley area, the characteristic trio of early spring blossoms—verbena, primrose and desert lily—are in evidence in all their favorite haunts—Yuha basin, sand dunes, Pinto wash along the border, Chocolate mountain slopes and the Coyote wells area. Verbenas already are in blossom in some places and the lily and primrose likely will be out before the first of April.

From Borrego valley Emalyn Holland sends the forecast of especially fine bloom in April. The valley floor will be bright with encelia, poppies, wallflowers and sunflower. Both the mesquite and creosote will be blooming. The dunes, apparently, are reserved for the white and lavender of desert lilies, verbenas and primroses. Along the Banner grade, on the Julian-Kane Springs road, may be seen matilija poppies, indigo bush, scarlet bugler and beavertail cactus.

Mojave Desert

At Twentynine Palms, Gerald W. Charlton reports that the finest season in years is indicated for that area. Outstanding among the flowers will be the desert lilies, blazing star, sand verbena, white evening primrose, lupins, sun cups, monkey flowers, phacelias and chia sage. June Le Mert Paxton writes that she has found Joshua trees in Yucca valley, with buds preparing to open.

Although the season will be retarded in the Antelope valley, Gordon W. Fuller of Lancaster asserts that the Desert Candle will present one of the most spectacular of desert flower fields.

Mary Beal of Daggett reports that the eastern Mojave area, especially north and east of Amboy, will precede the central section on this year's flower calendar. In the Daggett-Barstow region the most conspicuous perennials will include the cassia, several varieties of Dalea, thistle poppy, apricot mallow, desert plume, larkspur and desert lily. Prominent among the annuals will be the coreopsis, 5-spot mallow, blue lupin, evening snow, gilia, Mojave aster, phacelia and fiddleneck.

Death Valley

Death Valley will be ready April 1 with a fine display of wild flowers. One or two more showers before then would produce an exceptional season, according to M. French Gilman, park naturalist. The valley proper, from below sea-level to 1500 feet, will be a maze of bright blossoms—encelia, pink mat, desert star, golden and brown-eyed evening primroses, desert and pigmy poppies, violet and purple and lavender curly-bloom, Mojave aster, monkey-flowers, popcorn, 5-spot and apricot mallows, the desert holly and other saltbushes. Along the streams will be seen the desert blue-eyed grass, and around Badwater pool the unique iodine, or ink bush.

Arizona

Yellow and orange will be the prevailing color in the Phoenix desert area, writes Mrs. Alexander A. Raisin. The hills of gold, encelia, Arizona poppy and fiddleneck will be varied by the pink wild hollyhock, thistle poppy, verbena and covea.

Generous rains in the Coolidge region have led old-timers to prophesy a better-than-average flower year. Natt N. Dodge, junior park naturalist at Southwest Monuments headquarters, reports that desert section green with many annuals as early as the end of February. The earliest bloomers are the creosote and ocotillo followed by the cholla, prickly pear and hedgehog cacti, the mesquite, palo verde, catsclaw and saguaro.

The desert floor, the foothills and slopes south of Tucson will wear a golden cast produced by many small composites, as well as the shrubby encelia. Carleton S. Wilder, park ranger at Saguaro national monument, reports a wide variety of flowers for this region. Attracting special attention will be the blossoms of ocotillo, several kinds of prickly pear, cholla, hedgehog and pincushion cacti. Bright variations on level stretches will be phacelias, gilia and primroses. Along sandy washes the pink penstemons and lavender verbenas will form a colorful fringe. Climbing up the slopes are the purple desert aster, salmon mallow, blue brodiaea and magenta fairy dusters.

The mariposa lilies, known by their tulip form, are especially attractive in the early spring. They will be plentiful in the Oracle district, northeast of Tucson, and in the Baboquivari mountains to the southwest. In the latter, the most abundant is the lovely yellow mariposa, with a dark-circled center.

"No doubt the hills of southern Arizona will have one of the fairest displays of wild flowers that has been seen for many years," writes Louis R. Caywood, custodian of Tumacacori national monument. The poppies and verbenas are foremost among the earliest annuals, while the scarlet blossoms of ocotillo and the golden palo verde will be the most noticeable perennials on the landscape.

Over to the eastern edge of the state, the higher Chiricahuas will be in bloom probably by mid-April, with wild sweet peas,

verbena and pink penstemons. Earlier, the valleys on both sides of the mountains will be covered with poppies, according to Frank L. Fish, custodian of Chiricahua national monument.

Nevada

A season of extremely favorable rains has assured Boulder dam recreational area an unusual wild flower show. While some blooms were observed as early as February, the most abundant will be seen from March 15 on, according to Guy D. Edwards, supervisor of the area. The most common April-blooming flowers are the columbines, Indian paintbrush, four o'clocks, monkey flowers, wild buckwheat, desert mallow, wild tobacco, indigo bush, ocotillo, and the barrel, cholla and beavertail cacti.

New Mexico

Those who plan to include White Sands national monument in their spring outings will learn that New Mexico may lay claim to considerable poppy distinction. Along the highway between Las Cruces and the White Sands, just east of Organ pass, is a vast poppy field estimated to include 2000 acres. Tom Charles, custodian of the monument, reports that the poppies continue, at frequent intervals, all the way to White Sands.

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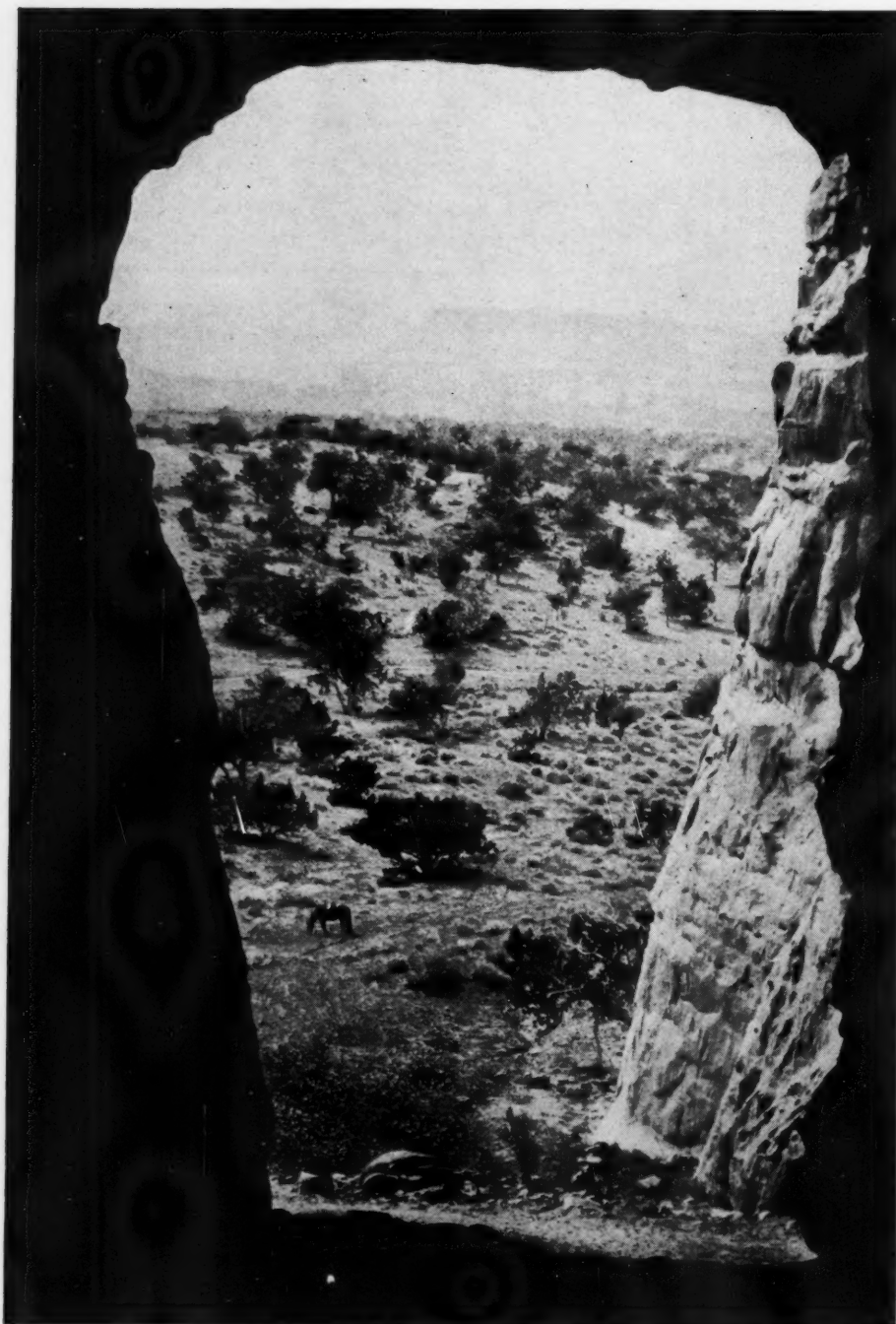
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Kit Carson Cave

Winner of the January Landmarks contest conducted by the Desert Magazine is Leo R. Leaden of 22 East Virginia, Phoenix, Arizona. He was awarded the monthly prize for writing the best identification of the accompanying picture. His letter of description is printed below.



By LEO R. LEADEN

YOUR Landmarks Contest picture reproduced in the February issue is known as KIT CARSON CAVE. This cave is located eleven miles northeast of Gallup, New Mexico, by automobile road. To reach it, drive east of Gallup seven and one-half miles on highway 66, turn left at railroad crossing of the Santa Fe main line and then drive

north into a box canyon and over a pass in the red rock structure of sandstones. This cave is also north and east of a large sandstone structure known as the Navajo Church Rock which can be seen for miles in any direction. It is about two miles north of highway 66.

The cave is in a wall of sandstone which runs north and south and faces west, overlooking a cedar and piñon-

covered mesa. The entrance to the cave is horse-shoe in shape and is about 25 feet in height. It runs back into the wall about 60 feet from the entrance. The interior is horse-shoe in shape at the top and has a natural balcony around the interior, ranging from three to five feet in width. There is a small spring of water seeping out of the east wall into a little tank or reservoir which has been dug to hold the water. No doubt the prehistoric Indians did their part to make this basin.

This cave was named after Kit Carson, the famous Southwest scout, as the story goes. It is said that Carson and a small number of his soldiers were forced to take refuge in this cave for protection from a band of Navajo warriors. During the night Kit Carson was supposed to have escaped and made his way to Fort Wingate for help to rescue his comrades. However, I have never found any historical record to confirm this story.

I learned much about the history of the Southwest and its history-makers from Dan Dubois, who came to this Southwest country in 1850, knew Kit Carson well and traveled with him on various trips. He said Kit was never cornered by the Navajos in that region as Carson had an army with him when he rounded up the Navajos in 1863, and besides, Carson was too smart to get caught in a trap like that as it would be impossible to escape with Indians keeping a constant watch over a place with only one way out.

Before Carson came along this cave was known as "Hole - In - The - Wall Spring."

...

Boulder Power Increased

Power generation at Boulder dam increased 29 per cent in 1938 over 1937, the bureau of reclamation reports. At the end of the year 10 customers were taking power from the generators, new takers including Metropolitan water district of Southern California, Lincoln power district, Needles gas and electric company, now known as California Pacific Utilities corporation, and Citizens Utilities of Kingman, Arizona. Bureau of Power and Light of Los Angeles was the largest user of Boulder power. Secretary of the Interior Ickes has ordered the world's three biggest generators, to be added to the power plant.

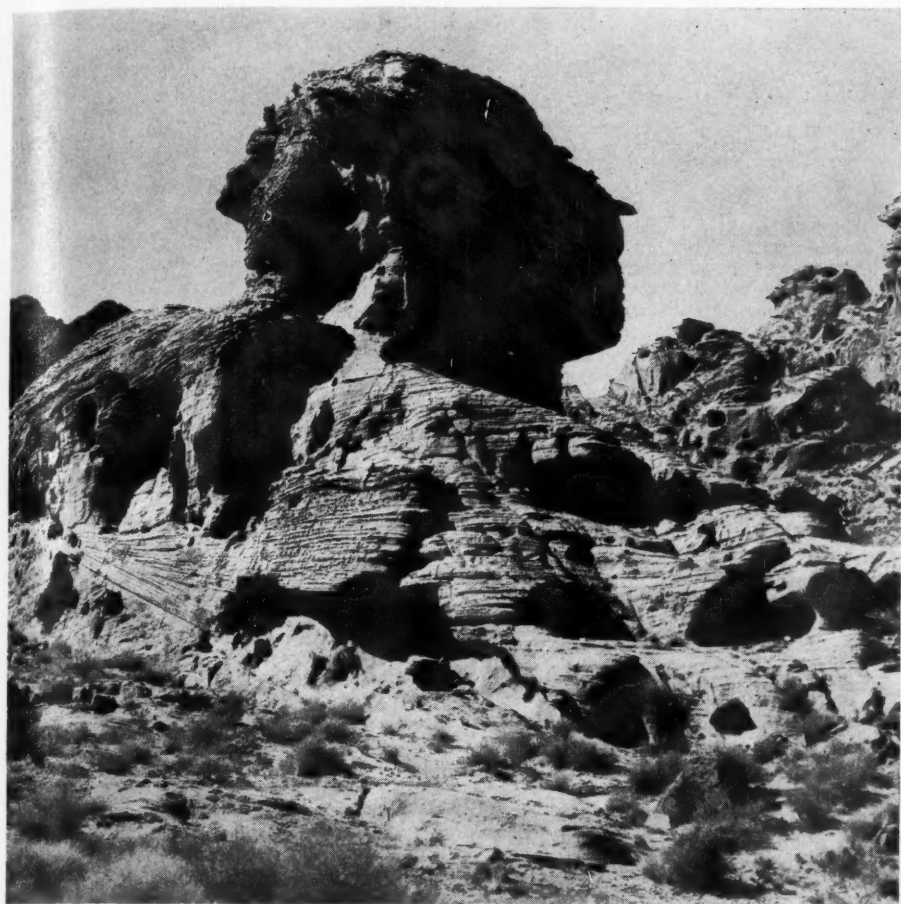
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Carlsbad Park Enlarged

Archaeologists of the national park service will make extensive studies of 23 additional caves included in the Carlsbad caverns national park before any of these underground chambers is opened to the public. Presidential proclamation by including 39,488 acres in the park increases its size to 49,448 acres, brings its boundary to within 2½ miles of the New Mexico-Texas state line.

Scenic Spot in Nevada

Who can identify this rock formation?



Landmarks Prize Announcement for April

Somewhere in Nevada—in one of the most colorful sections of the state—the above odd-shaped rock is located. It is an outstanding landmark, known to all visitors who have studied the landscape in this area with an observing eye.

The Desert Magazine wants to tell its readers more about this rock and the region in which it is located, and in order to bring together the best available information a prize of \$5.00 is offered to the person who correctly names the

place and writes the best descriptive article of not over 500 words.

Those submitting entries in this contest should give the location, distance from paved highways and any historical or legendary material available about the rock and its immediate surroundings.

Manuscripts must reach the Desert Magazine office not later than April 20, 1939. The winning answer will be published in the June number of this magazine.

"HAVASU" PROPOSED AS NAME FOR NEW LAKE

Lake Havasu will be the name of the new reservoir in the Colorado above Parker dam if a recommendation forwarded by directors of the Metropolitan water district is approved by John C. Page, commissioner of reclamation.

Havasu is an Indian word meaning blue water, and Indians along the Colorado river who have seen the new reservoir since it was filled have been calling it this name for some time.

ARIZONA VOTES ACCEPTANCE COLORADO RIVER COMPACT

Reversing the position it has held for the past 16 years, the Arizona legislature early in March voted conditional ratification of the Santa Fe compact for the division of the waters of the Colorado rivers.

The conditions imposed by the Arizona legislators by the enactment are that California and Nevada enter into a three-state agreement guaranteeing Arizona 2,800,000 acre feet of water from the

Colorado plus half of any surplus released by upstream states, and exclusive use of all waters in the Gila and its tributaries. Under this program California would receive 4,400,000 acre feet plus the other half of the surplus, and Nevada would be granted 300,000 acre feet.

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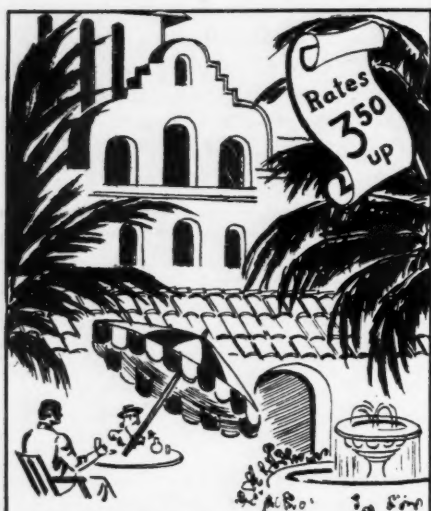
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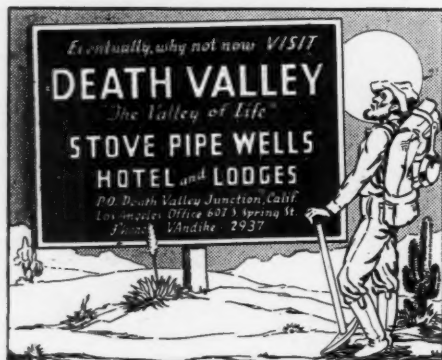
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Here and There ... ON THE DESERT

ARIZONA

Flagstaff . . .

A guard of honor attended the funeral of John Boone, 97, Navajo government scout of the Apache wars, who died recently in Tuba City hospital. Boone lived at Wild Cat peak, was considered very wealthy. Two years ago he was host at a tribal "sing" which lasted two days and cost him \$500. His son, John Daw, famed Indian policeman, recently tracked down Howard Balli, his Piute son-in-law, in a sensational man-hunt for the murderer of an aged white prospector.

Parker . . .

As a preliminary step toward the reclamation of 110,000 acres of Colorado river bottom land, the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation has installed a work camp costing \$150,000. The land to be reclaimed is in the Colorado River Indian reservation. A dam at Headgate rock two miles above Parker is scheduled to be completed next summer. Dam and diversion works involve \$2,000,000.

Flagstaff . . .

H. V. Watson of Flagstaff and Dr. Emil Haury of Tucson were added to the board of trustees of the Museum of Northern Arizona at the annual meeting of the board here. Dr. E. A. Douglass of Tucson and Edwin D. McKee of Grand Canyon were re-elected trustees. Dr. Harold S. Colton, president of the association, gave his report.

Safford . . .

Wayne Thornburg of Phoenix was elected president of the Arizona Cattle Growers association at the annual session here and Nogales was selected as the next convention city.

Grand Canyon . . .

When they disregarded rangers' warnings and set out down Bright Angel Trail into the Grand Canyon during a February blizzard two tourists met disaster. Casimir Poltark, 22, of Detroit, was caught in the storm 1,000 feet below the rim and froze to death. Desjardins sought refuge in a cave, was removed to a hospital so badly frozen it was feared amputation of his feet would be necessary.

Phoenix . . .

From all parts of Arizona former members of the state's territorial rangers gathered recently to reorganize for the purpose of holding annual reunions. Cattle rustlers and payroll bandits caused the rangers to be organized with headquarters at Douglas in 1901. Eighty-two men were enlisted. The rangers were disbanded by the legislature in 1909.

Prescott . . .

Ceremonials of the Smoki clan here which have been staged annually on the second Sunday in June, will not be held until August 6 this year. The change was authorized because the June date was considered too early in the season for a night performance such as is being planned for this year's program.

Yuma . . .

Each eastbound tourist stopping at the Arizona inspection station here is receiving a locally grown grapefruit with the compliments of the Yuma Mesa fruit growers association. This free distribution averages 600 grapefruit daily.

Phoenix . . .

Surveyors have found, carved at Inscription rock in the Phoenix mountain park south of here, the time-worn words, "Fre Marcos de Niza, 1539." Moreover, elevation of the carving is exactly 1539 feet above sea level.

CALIFORNIA

Indio . . .

Riverside county's annual fair drew the largest crowd that ever attended an event in the Coachella valley, says the Indio News, "despite the fact that Mother Nature misbehaved and dealt out to Southern California a type of weather seldom encountered in this usually sunny clime." Having thus skilfully sidestepped the word "unusual," the News editor points with pride to more than 900 separate exhibits, double the number entered in 1938. Palo Verde and Coachella valleys won high praise for the showing they made at the fair.

Brawley . . .

Under direction of Lieut. Frank G. Johnson, 32 men and 24 trucks are engaged in mapping Imperial valley for the United States Coast and Geodetic survey. The work is part of a survey covering the section extending from Los Angeles to the Mexican border and from the Pacific ocean to the eastern boundary of Imperial county, along the Colorado river.

Coachella . . .

Returns at a higher rate per pound than for any date crop of recent years are reported by the California Date growers association for the 1937-38 marketing. Last year 75 per cent of the crop was sold by one agency. More than \$30,000 was distributed recently to members of the association, which has delivered approximately 2 million pounds of dates each year for the past two years. Production in 1939 is expected to reach 3,500,000 to 4 million pounds, according to W. W. Cook, association president.

Desert Center . . .

Assemblyman Paul Richie of San Diego has introduced a bill in the current session of the California legislature for the protection of the desert tortoise which is threatened with complete extinction due to the inroads of shell hunters and motorists who carry them off as pets. The law would make it a misdemeanor to remove the tortoise from its native habitat.

Thermal . . .

Russell C. Nicoll, whose Valerie Jean date shop is known to all travelers on Highway 99, has been given a special award by the judges in the 1938 All-American Package competition for the attractive container in which he mails his date products to all parts of the world.

Independence

Hunt practice diving scoot a can tra and his The tw tales to snakes arm liv now re though pector. fine sp the sna

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Gallup

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Albuquerque

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Independence . . .

Hunting snakes which have the peculiar practice of standing on their heads and diving under the sand, through which they scoot along underground as fast as they can travel on the surface, Walt Wilhelm and his brother Al went into Death Valley. The two sportsmen-hunters had heard tall tales told by prospectors about these strange snakes and about lizards as long as a man's arm living in the same neighborhood. They now report they found these reptiles, although not of the size reported by the prospector. The Wilhelms say they took several fine specimens of the lizards, actually saw the snakes' subterranean journeyings.

NEVADA

Reno . . .

Attaining the age of 70, three University of Nevada professors will retire this year: Dr. Maxwell Adams, vice president and dean of the college of arts and science; Prof. H. P. Boardman, department of classics, and Miss Katherine Lewis, head of the department of art.

Las Vegas . . .

Stiff penalties for cattle rustlers using modern truck methods are provided in Senator Pat McCarran's bill which has passed the upper house at Washington.

Winnemucca . . .

Study and classification of medicinal plants, herbs and shrubs growing in Nevada is object of a statewide project approved by WPA. Work will be done under sponsorship of the department of agriculture. Advocating the study, Senator Pat McCarran said, "Existence of medicinal qualities in Nevada plants and shrubs was first discovered by aboriginal Indians." He sees great value to "humanity generally" in this research.

Boulder City . . .

A coyote and a Bighorn sheep, trapped on an island created by the rising waters of Lake Mead, appear to be thriving according to the report of park rangers in the Boulder dam Recreational area. Guy D. Edwards, park supervisor, says the animals are seen occasionally, but never in close proximity to each other.

NEW MEXICO

Fort Sumner . . .

There will be no changes in the old Fort Sumner cemetery, where rest the bones of Billy the Kid. On petition of a grandson of Lucien B. Maxwell, famous early-day New Mexican, whose grave is in the same plot, a court order has been issued prohibiting John Allen from "molesting" or "improving" the burial ground. Some feared that it was planned to establish a museum and charge admission. Markers on the Kid's grave and on those of his associates are being chipped away by souvenir hunters.

Gallup . . .

Navajos have bowed to the Hopi rain gods. Directors of the intertribal ceremonial have moved up annual dates from fourth to third week in August. They are tired of having attendance cut every year by rain induced, of course, by the Hopi snake dance and its prayers.

Albuquerque . . .

University of New Mexico has added to its faculty Dr. Leslie Spier, internationally known authority on Indians of the Southwest. Professor of anthropology is the doctor's title. He has taught at Yale seven years, served since 1934 as editor of the "American Anthropologist."

Santa Fe . . .

Hillory A. Tolson has reported for duty in Santa Fe as Director of Region III of the National Park Service, comprising the states of Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and the southern parts of Colorado, Utah, and Nevada. The Region includes five National Parks; the Boulder Dam Recreational Area in Nevada, and a group of Southwestern monuments.

UTAH

Cedar City . . .

Among highway improvements scheduled for southern Utah is a project to widen and beautify the entrance to Zion National park. Work will be started soon as weather permits, to make the road from Rockville to the park entrance 32 feet wide.

Vernal . . .

Most extensive irrigation project ever proposed for Utah is the plan for a 230-mile canal from Split mountain gorge on the Green river to provide water for central and southern sections of the state. By diverting 1,500,000 acre feet of water annually, engineers say it will be possible to irrigate 600,000 acres of now arid wasteland and to develop power for new industries. The project would more than double Utah's water supply.

Salt Lake City . . .

Utah livestock men whose animals graze on the public domain have taken steps to organize to protect their interests. The state has 5214 owners of cattle, horses, sheep and goats grazing on Uncle Sam's 20,000,000 acres in Utah.



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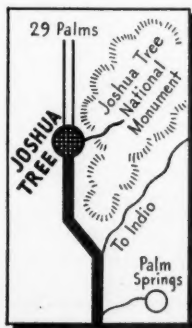
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CACTI FOR THE AMATEUR, S. E. Haselton. By a ranking cacti authority. Color illustrations. Paper cover \$1.00, board cover \$1.50.

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BORN OF THE DESERT, C. R. Rockwood. Imperial Valley's saga of reclamation. Paper bound 50c

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BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

LAST WORD ON QUARTZ FAMILY OF GEM STONES

For the growing number of mineral and gem collectors who roam desert and mountain in search of new specimens, a new handbook recently has been published which carries all the information about quartz minerals any amateur in the field of mineralogy needs to know—and more than most of the professionals ever learn.

QUARTZ FAMILY MINERALS, written by a trio of men who are authorities in this field, is from the press of the McGraw-Hill Book company of New York. \$2.50. The authors are H. C. Dake, editor of *The Mineralogist* magazine, Frank L. Feener, head of the geology department of Joliet Junior high school at Joliet, Illinois, and his assistant, Ben Bur Wilson.

The 304-page volume, with 50 illustrations, carries the reader through the history of quartz, from that vague date in the formation of the universe when two atoms of silicon first combined with one atom of oxygen to form a molecule of SiO₂ (quartz), down to the most recent conclusions of the men of science.

The quartz group is a big family, as the reader will soon learn, and in its many variations occupies a leading place in the gem stone industry of today. While a volume so exhaustive in its scope must necessarily carry some material of a rather technical nature, it is an extremely readable book even for the amateur.

There are chapters on agate and chalcedony and their many variations, jasper, opal, geodes and thunder eggs and petrified wood. There is also a listing of the fields where the many varieties of gem quartz may be found in the United States. The final chapter is on the cutting of quartz for gem purposes. It is an authoritative volume for those who want to broaden their knowledge of minerals.

• • •

INDIAN CRAFTS SUBJECT OF RECENT MONOGRAPHS

From time to time the Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fe, New Mexico publishes works, in the form of general and technical bulletins and more extended monographs, which add scientific knowledge in anthropology and further popular interest in the life of man in the Southwest.

Three of the bulletins in the General Series, which have come to our attention recently, are concerned with an art in which the Navajo women excelled. Weaving, although known in prehistoric days, apparently did not develop to the highest point until after the Spanish introduction of domestic sheep. Three phases of the Navajo blanket are discussed informally by H. P. Mera in these summaries, which are fully illustrated by half-tone plates. The chief characteristics and criteria for identifying them are given.

During the so-called Classic period, from about 1850 to the 1870s, the finest products were woven. The later introduction of the commercial, or Germantown, yarns not only improved the technical quality but facilitated the production of blankets in greater quantities. But with this commercialization came the inevitable decline in artistic design.

It was at this point, according to available evidence, that the Pictorial blanket appeared.

Although inferior to the abstract geometric designs of the Classic period, the realistic approach often resulted in ingenious deviations from normal weaving technique.

Another special type is known as the Slave blanket. The unusual blending of Navajo and Spanish features is given the possible explanation of being the result of raiding carried on by the Indians and Spaniards as late as the 1860s. While the Indians increased their herds on such excursions, the primary purpose of the Spaniards appeared to be the acquisition of slaves. According to reliable tradition the skilled women weavers among the captives were required to produce the community textiles. They continued to use the upright looms to which they were accustomed, but were without the fine quality dyes and were influenced by the Mexican and Spanish designs. One of the known facts which help establish the dates of such blankets was the activity of Archbishop Lamy, who during his term of office beginning in 1851, was largely responsible for the disappearance of Navajo enslaving.

Also of the General Series is a bulletin by Kenneth M. Chapman dealing with the post-Spanish period of PUEBLO INDIAN POTTERY. It is illustrated with 15 or more plates showing groups of typical forms from the principal pottery producing pueblos.

In contrast to the history of Navajo weaving, the potter's craft is centuries old and had reached its highest development before the Spanish conquest. Although there is evidence of great diversity in materials and cultures, the Pueblos had a common heritage in the age-old symbolism—prayer for rain. How this idea is developed and varied in the pottery making centers is told in a simple and condensed style.

Here, as in weaving, is evidenced the integrating effect of commercialization; for although form, texture and decoration are often more finished, the type of firing necessary to produce certain effects popular with the tourist trade has resulted in loss of functional value.

LUCILE HARRIS.

• • •

FEDERAL WRITERS COMPILE DEATH VALLEY GUIDE

Desert travelers rambling over Death Valley in the future need not face the terror and tragedy experienced by earlier wanderers. These moderns will have the advantage of a complete and concise guide book just published by Houghton Mifflin, \$1.00. DEATH VALLEY, A GUIDE was written and compiled by the Federal Writers Project of Northern California under the sponsorship of the Bret Harte Associates. It is one of a series of American Guides being prepared under the Works Progress Administration.

In its twofold purpose it succeeds admirably: it aims to give a true picture of Death Valley and tell its story simply; by means of detailed tours it will enable a complete stranger to find his way about and equip him with a great fund of general and specific information.

Geology and climate, flora and fauna, are treated in short but informative sections. Practical suggestions are provided for the tourist who would follow the little-used roads as well as the main highways, including mileages, road conditions and accommodations.

Mines and Mining . .

Never in the history of the southwest has there been such activity in searching for placer gold deposits, according to newspapers in mining districts. Even properties which have been tested and turned down for one reason or another in the past are now being re-examined, says the Las Vegas, Nevada News. Tracts both large and small are being carefully scrutinized and sampled. Main reason is that gold sells now for \$35. an ounce and it does not cost a fortune to install dryland or "doodlebug" dredges.

Washington, D. C. . . .

Arizona mines continued to lead all states in copper production during 1938, with a total of 207,750 tons for the year. This was 100,000 tons more than the second state, Utah, reported. Mine output for the entire country was 552,545 tons, 34 per cent under the 841,998-ton record for 1937. Decrease was proportionately less in Arizona than in any of the western states, except Colorado and Washington, both of which show an increase, in preliminary figures announced by the U. S. bureau of mines.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Opposition to a "managed currency" system, and appeal to congress to restore ownership of gold to private individuals are points in a resolution published by the American Mining congress. The resolution urges avoidance of further additions to gold stocks held by the government, recommends monetary control be lodged with Congress, and a "currency with metallic base, using gold and silver." Continued purchase by the government of newly mined domestic silver and gold and the present method of locating mining claims and granting mine patents are favored.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Nine mills are operating in the Comstock district with estimated production exceeding 1,000 tons daily, according to a summary published here. In the Silver City area, where veins are largely gold bearing, activity is reported particularly brisk.

Carlsbad, New Mexico . . .

Discovery of a deposit of Langbeinite, the only one known in the western hemisphere, is reported by the Union Potash and chemical company. This is a crystalline substance, has a lot to do with the way a cigarette burns and is valuable in cotton and citrus fruit growing. The find will free the United States from a German monopoly, it is claimed. Potassium sulphate is derived from Langbeinite. It gives tobacco a tender leaf, enhances its burning quality. Imports now amount to about 80,000 tons annually.

Yuma, Arizona . . .

Old Fortuna mine in the south end of Gila mountains which between 1894 and 1904 is reported to have produced nearly \$2,600,000 in gold and silver from ore running as high as \$30 a ton, is the scene of activity again. William B. Maitland, in charge for a California group, is sinking two shafts. One of them is down 150 feet with a promising outlook.

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

It is predicted here that war preparations in Europe will send the price of quicksilver up to \$80 a flask in April, an advance of \$10. above New York prices quoted early in the year. Domestic producers say the American price will depend on control of the Spanish supply. If the fascist states bottle up Spain's quicksilver, democratic nations must look to the United States and Mexico for supplies. Some Mexican ore is shipped to Los Angeles for smelting.

Tucson, Arizona . . .

A "revolutionary" process for profitably working gold ore worth as little as \$1 a ton is announced after five years' research by Dr. T. G. Chapman, university of Arizona professor. Dr. Chapman's method, it is claimed, will be applicable to hitherto unworkable ores and abandoned tailings. Costs are lower than present methods, the doctor declares. His method is based on dissolving gold by cyanide and absorption of gold by activated carbon during the dissolving process. Carbon is recovered by flotation and burned to form an ash from which the gold is recovered in a smelter.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Former Governor James Curly of Massachusetts, Postmaster Smoot and O. C. Thurber of Salt Lake City have bought for \$500,000 the Ash Down gold mine in northern Humboldt county, says the Humboldt Star. The property was owned by C. C. Crow of Hanford, California.

Globe, Arizona . . .

Asbestos ore is being shipped from three mines northeast of here and another asbestos property will be reopened, owners say. The Emsco company in the Chrysolite District is shipping to Downey, California; the 1200-foot tunnel at the Rescue mine is being cleaned out, and four lessees are shipping from the Regal. The Ladder mine has 12 to 15 men at work.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Gold and silver ore averaging \$13 to \$14 ton is being taken out of a 40-foot vein in the old Georgene mine in the Candelaria district, according to Ed. S. Chaffey, veteran operator. The Georgene first was worked in the fifties, but had been abandoned for nearly 40 years when Chaffey began work. The values run 60 percent gold and 40 percent silver.

Carlsbad, New Mexico . . .

Water that tests 60 percent magnesium sulphate has been tapped in a deep water well near here, according to the report of Scott Etter, oil operator.

Bisbee, Arizona . . .

To Louis S. Cates, president of the Phelps Dodge corporation, has been awarded the William Lawrence Saunders medal by the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical engineers. Presentation was made "for signal accomplishment in the conception and application of superior mining technique and in the organization and administration of major mining and metallurgical enterprises." President Cates has also been named a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor.

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Before Going
To Bed

TAKE

**BROMO-
SELTZER**

Settles Stomach
Soothes Nerves



By RANDALL HENDERSON

I am not acquainted with Assemblyman Paul Richie of San Diego—but if he will put through that bill he is sponsoring for the protection of California's desert tortoise family, I'll give him a half interest in the next gold mine I locate.

Nature provided the tortoise with a very effective coat of armor to protect him against his wildlife enemies on the desert—but he hasn't a chance with those "civilized" bipeds who move out onto his range in automobiles and cart him off as a souvenir of the desert.

* * *

I've just been reading Harry Oliver's "Desert Rough Cuts." It is a little art bound book of desert humor—and it is good tonic for those days when everything goes haywire, as they do sometimes even on the desert.

I wish Harry would get tired playing around with those Hollywood promoters and move back to his Borrego valley homestead and write stories for the Desert Magazine. We need a writer down here to take the place of our old friend Dick Wick Hall. Oliver could come nearer doing the job than any writing man I know.

During the years he was homesteading in the Borrego, Harry had a lot of fun. One day he sent out to the coast, according to one of his neighbors, and ordered 200 wooden peg-legs. Then he went out and planted them in all the old prospect holes in the Borrego region. Since then nearly every prospector in the region has found Peg-Leg Smith's lost gold mine—all except the gold.

* * *

Visitors at the Desert Magazine office during the past week included Bill and Katherine Wilson of Rainbow lodge in Northern Arizona. They have been out on the Pacific coast for several months this winter, but were eager to return to their comfortable rock house out at the end of the Rainbow canyon trail. After spending a few hours with the Wilsons I am more anxious than ever to make my long-planned trip to America's greatest natural bridge. John Stewart MacClary has written an interesting story about the Wilsons which will appear in the May number of the Desert Magazine.

* * *

In Los Angeles I have an acquaintance, a man of some wealth and tremendous energy and creative ability who amuses himself by alternately tearing down and rebuilding a beautiful home which he owns. He is expending his God-given powers about as usefully as the rich dowager who pays out a thousand dollars giving a breakfast party for her pet poodle dog.

The big city does that to people.

What a pity some of the folks who are frittering away their

riches and abilities in such futile activities cannot become interested in the creative opportunity which exists in the development of the 1800-square miles in the Anza State Desert park. Here is the greatest single park area in California with natural resources that would make it world famous—begging for funds and workers to restore its historical landmarks and protect its scenic beauty against the invasion of those who destroy.

* * *

As a sequel to the story about Thomas Blythe in the February number of the Desert Magazine, George Claytor, assessor of Riverside county, recently sent me a copy of a letter written to his office in 1899 by Florence Blythe in which she protested against the assessed valuation of \$1.00 an acre on the 40,000-acre Blythe estate in the Palo Verde valley.

A few years after that letter was written I paid \$200 for the privilege of building a tenthouse on one little corner of one of those 15-cent acres—and thought I was getting a bargain. That is what water does for the desert. It was dry parched wasteland when Florence Blythe owned it—and when the irrigation canals were built it became one of the most productive farming areas in California.

One of the most significant news items of the past week was the report that Arizona has ratified the seven-state Colorado river compact. With the long-standing dispute between California and Arizona ended and the way opened for full utilization of the waters of the Colorado river, there are two or three million acres of "15-cent land" in the Colorado basin which will become a farmer's paradise.

* * *

Cyril Johnson of Coalinga, California, has worked out a novel scheme for indexing his Desert Magazine file. He has made a large map of the Southwest and each month he marks on it at the proper location the dates of the travelog sketches appearing in that number of the magazine. When he plans a desert trip he merely refers to his map to learn which issues carry information about the area to which he is going.

* * *

The burroweed has put on its new spring suit—and when the burroweed is in leaf the whole aspect of the desert changes. It is a lowly little shrub, but in the wide areas over which it grows no single plant contributes as much to the changing hue of the desert landscape at this season of the year as does this perennial.

Admire the lily and primrose if you wish—I like them too—but don't pass the burroweed without a friendly nod. Don't highhat the little fellow just because some one back along the line gave him the name of "weed." He is just a modest backdrop in the desert wildflower show, but his presence accentuates the beauty of the more colorful members of the big desert troupe.

Who saw
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To

Who saw
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A chuckl
He wakes
And calls

Betimes, t
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But wind
This rock
O'erhung
The ego

So I shall
The haver
Against u
And then

But first r
In temple
Before in
I gave my

Wild Yucca

BY NELLIE MAY DORAN
San Diego, California

Who saw the angels in their flight
Stoop down to raise these plumes of white
Upon the spike-like swords of thorn
To greet the dawn on Eastern morn?

Who saw them lift each waxen cup
And with incense fill them up,
To waft upon the morning air
A fragrant perfume sweet and rare?

I think the birds were given sight
To see what happened in the night
Because a lark sang as he soared,
Behold! the candles of the Lord!"

TO A CACTUS

BY ERNEST BALLANTYNE
Akron, Ohio

You speak to man, the hardihood
Of pioneers — O, deathless race
That dared take root and glorify
The desert place!

DESERT DAWN

BY DELLA P. CLARK
Los Angeles, California

A glow steals o'er the peaks of mountains
high,
Soft blue and mauve suffuse a morning sky
Dispelling shadows of a desert night
Where weird forms vanish with
approaching light.
Soon mountain sides are veiled in many hues
Of glowing purples, rosy grays and blues,
Lingering, changing, drifting on through
space,
One vanishes, another takes its place.
Then shades of deepest gold and red hold
sway
As nearest draws the coming of the day,
Casting rays celestial through the air
As on and on these mystic colors fare,
Till sea of sand and purple sage take on
A beauty only seen at desert dawn.

DREAM HAVEN

BY VERA M. McDONALD
Phoenix, Arizona

The lordly yucca shows its bloom,
And ocotillo flaunts its flame;
The Spanish dagger waves its plume,
And feathered things sing glad acclaim.

A merry spring laughs down the deep;
A chuckling thing, this friendly spring.
He wakes the seedlets from their sleep,
And calls the birds to thank and sing.

Betimes, the blust'ry, boisterous gale
Sweeps shrieking in rare roaring rage;
I crouch defenseless 'neath its flail,
While all the winds in strife engage.

But wind or calm or day or night
This rock-strewn bowl, majestic scene,
O'erhung with stars or bathed in light,
The ego quells, the heart wipes clean.

So I shall build upon this rock
The haven of my later years.
Against unrest the door I'll lock,
And then be done with tears and fears.

But first must I contend for food
In temples of cupidity,
Before in weary gratitude
I give my dream solidity.

DESERT BOUQUETS

BY ELIZABETH WILLIS DEHUFF
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Slender green Spanish daggers
Stab their way up
Through the sand,
Stiff, old-fashioned, prim bouquets
On the breast of desert land.

DEATH VALLEY PROSPECTORS

BY TOM HUGHES
Banning, California

Beyond the Funeral mountains,
Out under dry-eyed dawns,
Unmarked by shafts or fountains
A sunken graveyard yawns.

And there no sacred river
Runs down to any sea,
But restless dunes forever
Entomb their mystery.

Now when a full moon mellow
The savage Funeral crest,
A band of bearded fellows
Sets forth on eager quest.

'Tis not for gold or revel
These folk search everywhere.
No—each poor hapless devil
Has left his skull out there.

CANDLES OF THE LORD

(California Yucca)

BY CLARA JOHNSTON PIERCE
Pomona, California

The Candles of the Lord,—they stand
Adorned with creamy bells.
Softly through the deepening night
Their mystic music tells
Of beauty through the arid waste,
Of peace within the vale,
Of Light and Life, and Joy and Hope,
Rich gifts which never fail.

In God's all-glorious universe
There is no place so drear
But speaks of His redeeming grace
Through tokens of His cheer.
The handiwork of earth and sea,
The stars at even-fall,
Through countless ages still proclaim
That Love reigns over all.

The Candles of the Lord,—they stand
Adorned with creamy bells.
Softly through the deepening night
Their mystic music tells
Of beauty through the arid waste,
Of peace within the vale,
Of Light and Life, and Joy and Hope,
Rich gifts which never fail.

CREED OF THE DESERT

BY JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

What a pleasure it is to see
The saucy Verbena and gay Filaree.
Such a merry mood they always bring
When winter steps aside for spring.

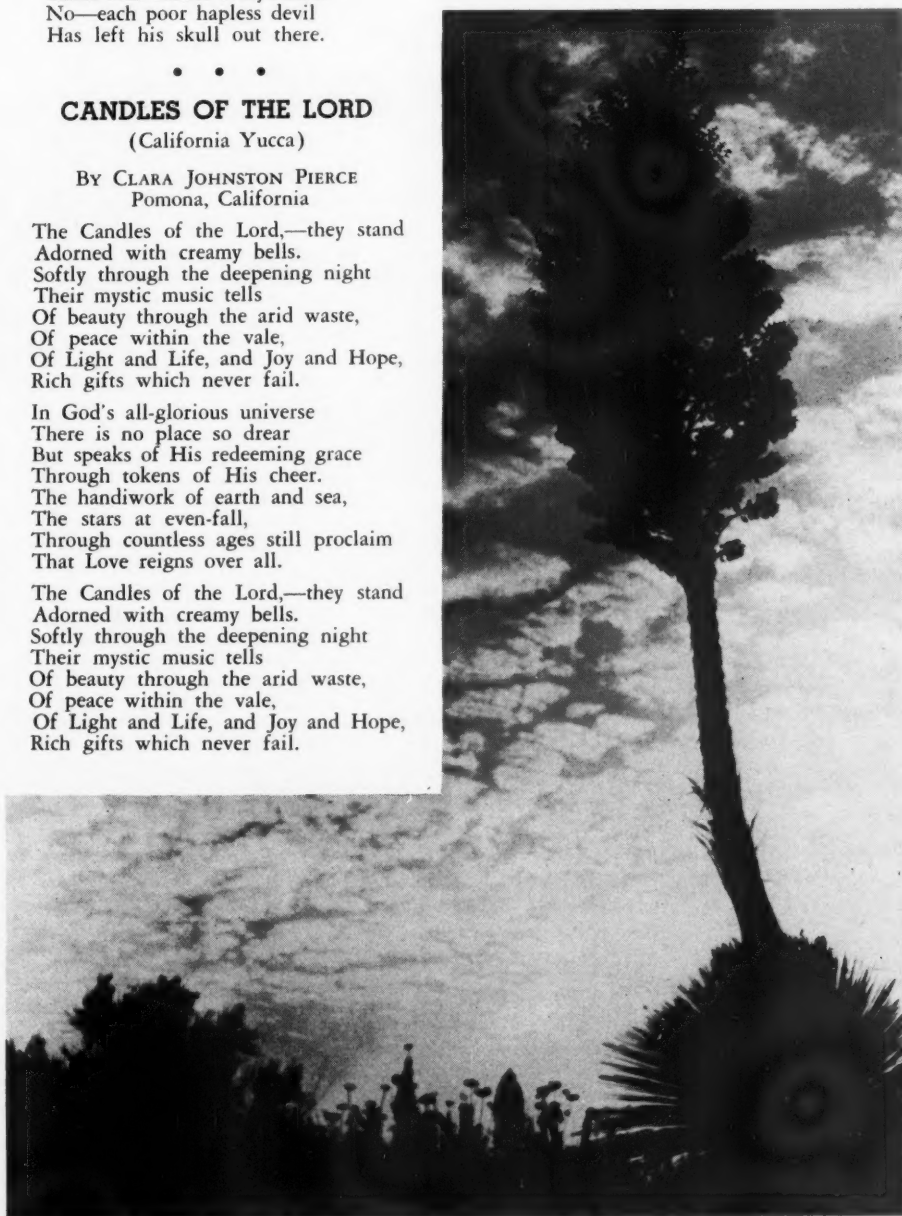
THRILL OF ANY MAN

BY ROBERT CHILDERS
Goldfield, Nevada

Have you ever felt the hope
That comes to every man
Who ever washed out placer rock
In his old frying pan?

When you tramp the dusty hills,
Searching for the vein
That glitters with bright metal,
Will it be just for gain—

Or for the hope of feeling
The thrill of any man
Who ever found a nugget
In his old frying pan?



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